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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

REVIEWS.

On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection; or, the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life. By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.L.S., &c., Author of "Journal of Researches during H.M.S. Beagle's Voyage Round the World." (Murray.)

[FIRST NOTICE.]

✱ In this work Mr. Darwin has unquestionably made one of the most important contributions to zoological theory which for a long time has been given to the world. We must go back to the publication of "The Vestiges of Creation," some years ago, in order to find anything approaching to a parallel to the sensation which it is sure to produce in the minds both of the general and of the scientific public. Not that, in making this remark, we mean in any way to imply that an actual comparison can fairly be instituted between "The Origin of Species" and "The Vestiges of Creation." The latter, the work of an anonymous author, was far more remarkable for the boldness of its speculations than for the extent or accuracy of the researches on which its theory was based; and, as a natural consequence, its success, at first brilliant and rapid enough to satisfy the most eager aspirant for literary fame, has ultimately proved to be but of ephemeral duration. The former, on the contrary, is the avowed work of one of the first naturalists of the day; and is distinguished not more for the striking originality of its views than for the evidence which it affords of patient and accurate observation of facts, and for the singular fairness and candour with which the most weighty objections to its theory are stated and examined. Mr. Darwin's book is, in fact, the first-fruits of the labour of more than twenty years. Ever since 1837, on the termination of the expedition round the world to which he was attached in the capacity of naturalist, he has been engaged in collecting and arranging materials for this work; and it was not until after five years of continued observation and experiment that he allowed himself to indulge in any speculations on the subject, or drew up even the briefest sketch of the conclusions towards which he found himself being gradually led. The views contained in a work which has been undertaken and carried out by so distinguished an investigator in so accurate and impartial a manner, are clearly entitled to be received with the greatest respect, and to be examined in the same spirit of fairness and candour by which, both in their formation and enunciation, their author has throughout been guided and controlled.

The different views which have hitherto been entertained as to the origin of species may, broadly, be reduced to two. According to one of them, which has as yet been adopted by an immense majority of naturalists, species are absolutely immutable, and depend for their existence on the possession of some distinct and permanent specific character, the precise nature of which has not, however, been satisfactorily ascertained. Being immutable, they clearly cannot have been derived from each other or from one common parent; so that each distinct species must have been originated by a distinct act of creative power. This act of creation is generally supposed not to have been limited

to the production of only one pair of each species, but to have produced a considerable number of the same species simultaneously in different regions; the names of *specific centres* being given to the districts in which creative power has thus been manifested. The opposite view, advocated by the author of "Vestiges of Creation," asserts on the contrary the complete mutability of species, and maintains that all species have originally descended from a common progenitor. The causes by which the necessary variation has been effected are not very distinctly stated, but are referred principally to the changes in the external conditions of life—such as climate, supply of food, &c.—to which the race of organised beings has been in the course of ages exposed. Mr. Darwin's theory approaches far more nearly to the latter than to the former of these views. He holds the same fundamental opinion of the complete mutability of species, and considers that they have all been derived by insensible modifications from one common stock; but he differs entirely from the author of the "Vestiges" in his view of the agency by which the necessary amount of variation has gradually been produced. According to him, species have been originated principally by *natural selection*; the meaning of which term we will now attempt briefly to explain.

The differences which exist between different varieties of domestic or cultivated animals or plants are so strikingly analogous to those by which natural species are distinguished from each other, that an examination of the causes by which the former are produced can scarcely fail to throw some light upon the origin of the latter. The primary cause of variability appears to be the action of any change in physical conditions upon the reproductive system: so that this system, if not rendered impotent, fails to produce offspring exactly like the parent-form. The laws by which variation is governed are little known, and probably very complicated. A variation, when once produced, is capable not only of being inherited, but also of being increased in subsequent generations to an almost unlimited extent. Man does not actually produce variability: but he causes it indirectly, by unintentionally exposing organic beings to changed conditions of life. When the variation has once been produced by nature, man can and does, by selecting for breeding those individuals in which it is most distinctly manifested, accumulate it to any extent and in any desired direction. This he may do, either methodically, with a view of altering the breed, or unconsciously, by merely preserving the individuals which are most useful to him at the time. It is by this process of selection that the different varieties of pigeons have been produced from one common stock—varieties which differ quite as much from each other and from their common progenitor (the rock pigeon) as many natural species do from one another. Thus, too, the breeder effects great final variation and improvement in his breeds of cattle, by the continual selection in each successive generation of variations so slight as to be quite imperceptible to the uneducated eye. "That many of the breeds produced by man have, to a great extent, the character of natural species, is shown by the inextricable doubts whether many of them are varieties or aboriginal species."

Now, since this principle of selection has acted so efficiently under domestication, why should it not also act under nature? If

human selection can produce such great effects, why should natural selection be regarded as impossible? There is abundant reason why such selection should be made by Nature. The rate at which organic beings increase and multiply on the earth is so enormously high that many more individuals are born than can by any possibility survive. This is a proposition, the truth of which no one will deny; but, in order to bring it home more forcibly to the mind, we may cite the minimum rate of increase calculated by Mr. Darwin in the case of the slowest breeder of all known animals, the elephant. Supposing it to breed at thirty years old, and to go on breeding to ninety, bringing forth in that interval three pair of young; at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million elephants, descended from the first pair. The natural causes by which the increase of organic beings is liable to be checked are many and various. The insufficiency of food for all that are born is one obvious cause; and another may be found in sudden changes of climate; but none is more important or less considered than the mutual checks arising from the complex relations which different organic beings bear one to another. Mr. Darwin cites an instance of this latter class of checks which is curious and interesting to no common degree. There is reason to believe that humble-bees are indispensable for the fertilisation of the red clover and the heart's-ease, since other bees certainly do not visit these plants; so that, if humble-bees were to become extinct in England, the red clover and heart's-ease would probably wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in a district depends in great measure upon that of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and the number of field-mice is regulated in turn by the supply of cats. So that it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers might determine, in any district, the frequency of certain flowers. From the high rate of increase of organic beings there necessarily follows a constant struggle for existence, in which some species or varieties increase in number, while others decrease, and finally become extinct. This struggle is most severe between individuals of the same species, since they come in all respects into the closest competition with each other; next, between varieties of the same species; and next between species of the same genus. The slightest advantage in one being, at any age or during any season, over those with which it is brought into competition, or the slightest better adaptation to the surrounding physical circumstances, will enable it to gain the victory in the struggle, and to survive. Now, the great physical changes to which geology bears witness must have produced as many individual variations in organic beings under Nature as have been caused by change of conditions under domestication. Any variation which was in any way useful to an individual in the great battle of life would be inherited by its offspring, and increased in successive generations, just as variations useful to man are perpetuated and increased by human selection; and any variation, in the least degree injurious, would, by the natural course of competition, be rigorously destroyed. It is this preservation of favourable, and rejection of unfavourable, variations which Mr. Darwin calls *natural selection*. Variations neither useful nor injurious would not be affected by natural selection, and would be left as a fluctuating element.

If man's imperfect selection can do so much, we may fairly expect Nature's selection to effect much more: for, while man can act only on external and visible characters, Nature can act "on every internal organ, on every shade of constitutional difference, on the whole machinery of life."

Besides this natural selection, strictly so called, there is another and less rigorous principle of selection at work, which Mr. Darwin calls *sexual selection*. "This depends, not on a struggle for existence, but on a struggle between the males for possession of the females; and the result is not death to the unsuccessful competitor, but few or no offspring." Generally, the most vigorous males will leave the most offspring; but victory often depends, not on general vigour, but on the possession of some weapon confined to the male sex, or, in the case of some birds, on the possession of some peculiar charm, either of plumage or of voice. Any slight variation in any of these directions would, in successive generations, be gradually increased; and it is to this principle of sexual selection that the great difference between the males and the females of several species, is, in all probability, mainly owing.

According to Mr. Darwin, therefore, there is no essential distinction between individual differences, varieties, and species: the distinction between them being one of degree rather than of kind. They are, in fact, conventional terms, applied, for convenience' sake, to denote successively increasing degrees of variation: and, in his view, a well-marked variety may be justly called an incipient species. This view enables us to understand many facts which, on the supposition of a distinct creation of each species, are not easily to be explained. We can see, for instance, why it is that no line of demarcation can be drawn between species which are supposed to have been produced by distinct acts of creation, and varieties which are acknowledged to have been produced by secondary laws. We can understand why the species of the larger genera in a country should generally present more varieties than those of the smaller genera: for, where the manufactory of species has been active, we might generally expect, considering the extreme slowness of the process, to find it still in action. The species of the larger genera resemble varieties more closely than those of the smaller genera: for they almost invariably differ from each other by a smaller amount of difference, and have generally, like varieties, a comparatively restricted range.

Not only can the origin of species be accounted for on the principle of natural selection, but those wider differences which distinguish genera and other higher divisions of the organic kingdom can be traced to the same cause. This depends upon the tendency of continued selection to produce gradually increasing divergence of character. We cannot express Mr. Darwin's views on this most important branch of his subject in more terse and comprehensive words than those which he has himself employed:

"As each species tends by its geometrical ratio of reproduction to increase inordinately in number; and as the modified descendants of each species will be enabled to increase by so much the more as they become more diversified in habits and structure, so as to be enabled to seize on many and widely different places in the economy of nature, there will be a constant tendency in natural selection to preserve the most divergent

offspring of any one species. Hence, during a long-continued course of modification, the slight differences, characteristic of varieties of the same species, tend to be augmented into the greater differences characteristic of species of the same genus. New and improved varieties will inevitably supplant and exterminate the older, less improved, and intermediate varieties; and thus species are rendered to a large extent defined and distinct objects. Dominant species belonging to the larger groups tend to give birth to new and dominant forms; so that each large group tends to become still larger, and at the same time more divergent in character. But as all groups cannot thus succeed in increasing in size, for the world would not hold them, the more dominant groups beat the less dominant. This tendency in the large groups to go on increasing in size and diverging in character, together with the almost inevitable contingency of much extinction, explains the arrangement of all the forms of life, in groups subordinate to groups, all within a few great classes, which we now see everywhere around us, and which has prevailed throughout all time. This grand fact of the grouping of all organic beings seems to me utterly inexplicable on the theory of creation."

Of the laws by which variation is governed, we know, as we have already said, very little. But, as far as we can see, the laws which have produced the lesser differences between varieties of the same species are identical with those which have produced the greater differences between species of the same genus. Something, though less than is generally supposed, is owing to the direct action of climate and other physical conditions: more, perhaps, to the effect of habit and of use in strengthening, or of disuse in weakening, various parts. More still is due to the correlation of growth, *i. e.*, to that strange bond by which the whole organisation is so tied together that, when slight variations in one part are accumulated by natural selection, other parts are gradually modified. Some of these cases of correlation are very curious, and quite inexplicable in the present state of our knowledge; as, for instance, the fact that blue-eyed cats are always deaf. Many of the observed facts connected with variation are more readily explained on the theory of natural selection than on that of distinct creation. One of these is the tendency which is exhibited both by varieties and species to revert occasionally to long-lost characters. How, for instance, can we explain the fact that striped specimens of the horse genus are occasionally produced, but on the supposition that all the species of this genus descended originally from a striped ancestor? Again, the specific characters in which the species of a genus differ are found to be more variable than the generic characters in which they agree: and when any part is developed to an extraordinary degree in only one species of a genus, that part is especially liable to variation. Both these facts admit of explanation, on the theory of natural selection: since those parts which have undergone most variation since the several species descended from a common progenitor may be expected to go on varying until they assume a constant character. When, however, they have been inherited for a sufficiently long period, they may be expected to assume a constant character; they become generic, or common to all the species of the genus, and are no longer so liable to subsequent modification.

Having thus given a brief sketch of Mr. Darwin's theory of natural selection, we now come to the objections which may reasonably be urged against it. The first of these is the very obvious one that, if all species

have descended from other species by insensibly fine gradations, we ought to be surrounded by innumerable transitional forms; whereas, in fact, all existing species are perfectly distinct from one another. To this Mr. Darwin replies by urging that we ought not, except in very rare cases, to expect to find forms directly intermediate between existing species, but only between each and some long extinct and supplanted form. Further, we must remember that areas which are now continuous may, in former geological periods, have been broken up into separate islands; and that each island may have become peopled with distinct species before the isolated portions were united into one continent. And even in areas whose continuity has never been broken, the intermediate links between two species will have been confined to a comparatively narrow space, and so, being fewer in number, will have gradually been exterminated by the more numerous species which they originally connected. Finally, the process of modification is so slow that we ought not to expect to find, in any one region and at any one time, many transitional forms. To the possible and very grave objection to this last argument, that we ought to find them in the fossil remains of former geological periods, we shall have occasion presently to recur.

The second objection is founded on the difficulty of supposing that so complex an organ as the eye could possibly have been perfected by natural selection. But Mr. Darwin shows that in some groups of organised beings we can trace considerable gradations in this very organ; and concludes that it is within the bounds of possibility that the perfect eye may have been gradually formed by this means. Again, it may be asked, if natural selection acts only on such variations as are profitable to the individual, how can we account for the origin of certain parts which seem to be of no importance whatever? To this Mr. Darwin replies that we are as yet much too ignorant of the whole economy of any one organic being to decide absolutely what parts are important and what are not; and further, that parts which are now useless to the species may, at some earlier period of its existence, have been of great use, and so have been matured by natural selection. In connection with this branch of his subject, Mr. Darwin makes the interesting observation that natural selection does not necessarily produce absolute perfection. It acts in each country chiefly through the competition of the inhabitants of that country; and so produces perfection, or strength for the battle of life, only according to the standard of that country. Hence, when the inhabitants of a more thickly peopled district, in which the competition is more severe, and the standard of perfection consequently higher, are introduced into a less numerous inhabited region, they will gradually tend by the process of natural selection to exterminate the original inhabitants.

The third objection is that we can hardly suppose that instincts can have been produced and perfected by natural selection. The chapter in which this objection is discussed will be, to the general reader, the most interesting in the whole book. Mr. Darwin urges that instincts, if (as they doubtless are) profitable to the race, may well have been perfected by natural selection. He selects three cases of instinct for detailed examination; that which prompts the cuckoo to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; the

slave-making instinct of certain ants; and the comb-making instinct of hive-bees. The probable reason for which the cuckoo deposits her eggs in other bird's nests is that she produces them at intervals of two or three days, and so, if she hatched them herself, she would have eggs and young birds of various ages all together in her nest—a state of things which would certainly be injurious to the well-being of the brood. The habit of getting their eggs hatched vicariously is, therefore, useful to the cuckoo race, and so may have been acted on by natural selection. With regard to ants and bees, Mr. Darwin shows that there are different gradations of the instincts to which he refers, they being possessed by different species in different degrees. There are ants which are only partially dependent upon the services of slaves; and there is a species of bee (the *Melipona*), intermediate in structure between the humble-bee and the hive-bee, which constructs its comb on a plan intermediate in ingenuity between the irregular cell of the former, and the marvellously accurate comb of the latter, insect. A still greater difficulty than any of these is the fact that distinct castes of working ants are sometimes found in one nest, all sterile, so that they cannot directly transmit their peculiarities, and differing in structure not only from their fertile parents, but even from each other. The sterility of these ants is a small difficulty compared with that of their difference of structure from the fertile members of the community. This, however, Mr. Darwin explains on the idea that selection may be applied to the family as well as to the individual, just as a breed of cattle always yielding oxen with unusually long horns, might probably be produced by carefully watching which individual bulls and cows, when matched, produced oxen with the longest horns. But the climax of the difficulty lies in these sterile ants differing in structure from each other. Mr. Darwin shows that in some kinds of ants different degrees of this difference exist; and he believes that in those cases in which the difference is now strongly marked, "a graduated series was first formed, and then the extreme forms, from being most useful to the community, were gradually produced in greater and greater numbers by the natural selection of their parents, until finally none of an intermediate structure were produced."

The fourth objection is that hybrids, or the offspring of two distinct species, are always sterile, while mongrels, the offspring of two varieties, are always fertile. In reply to this, Mr. Darwin maintains that the rule is far from being so universal as is generally supposed. Some species are fertile when intercrossed, and some varieties are sterile under the same conditions. Nor must it be forgotten that naturalists are prone to argue in a circle, and, whenever they find that two beings differing in structure breed freely together, to set them down as belonging, *ipso facto*, not to species, but to varieties. Moreover, those varieties which have been experimented on have generally been produced under domestication, and as domestication tends to remove sterility, we ought not to expect it to produce sterility. Mr. Darwin brings forward other considerations, from which he concludes that "this sterility is no more a special endowment than is the incapacity of two trees to be grafted together; but that it is incidental on constitutional differences in the reproductive systems of the intercrossed species. We see the truth

of this conclusion in the vast difference in the results when the same two species are crossed reciprocally; that is, when one species is first used as the father, and then as the mother."

The Hellenics of Walter Savage Landor, comprising Heroic Idyle, &c. New Edition, enlarged. (Edinburgh: James Nichol.)

HEROIC literature is out of date. The great and noble teaching of classic life is pronounced incompetent by an age which has banished beauty for utility, and has set up its gods among the wheels and oil-cans of a manufactory. Poetry, once so powerful as an influence over the mind and conduct of men, has now become mere rhymed biography, where no attempt is made to idealise or to elevate, and where the forms presented are in all the poor unloveliness of the barest realism. The chiton is exchanged for the modern paletot, and the golden tectix in the hair is debased to mock pearls and muslin flowers. As for the poet, no one now regards him as a teacher second only to the priest; nay, as priest and prophet himself, to whom is given the utterance of truths hidden from the shallower world, and whose thoughts are among the noblest heritages of his fellow-men. Everything is modernised to vulgarity and bad taste, and the poetic world is peopled with the respectable conventionalities who throng our drawing-rooms, and take all the loveliness out of our inner life. When we meet with one who holds himself apart from all this debasement, one, who, like Mr. Landor, is able to bring before us the power of Grecian poetry as it informed the lives of Grecian men and women; when we can escape from the gas-light of the theatre and the lecture-room, and stand beneath the sunshine in the court of the Athenian temple, or wander with the master by the banks of the silver Cephisos, then we are better able to measure the immense distance which lies between the present and the past, and can fathom with more precision the depths to which modern poetry has sunk.

Mr. Landor is the one sole classic poet of our day, and time has given him no successor. He is the only Saxon who understands the Grecian life as a fact, not merely as an abstract study: the only one who has made it his own, who has talked with *Ternissa* in the *Gynaecitis* and among the vineyards out beyond the city, who has drunk the amber-coloured Chian wine with the symposiarch, and held the basket while the maiden laid down her hair before the altar of *Artemis* in happy waiting for the bridal morrow, and heard the gods, when they sang love-songs to the nymphs through the woods and thickets; he is the only Saxon who has made himself a Greek, more Greek than the purest autochthone of them all. Who can ever forget the wonderful delicacy, tenderness, and beauty of his "Pericles and *Aspasia*?" and who, that has once read them, can turn from his majestic poems, where every line is like a piece of sculpture, as pure and as complete? Never in Landor do you find a word too much, never are dundant ornament, nor an image misfitted to its place. Every work is perfect in itself; and though for the most part his writings are eminently suggestive, they are never unfinished, nor do they leave the impression of haste or imperfection. Quick, but laborious, he preserves unimpaired the heat and life of the first warm sketch, while adding the

careful polish of the finished work. Some of his smaller poems are perfect; like cameos of most exquisite colour and modelling, they stand out upon the shell, marble-white and marble-pure. What is equal to "The Death of *Artemidora*?" Was there ever an antique more chastely sculptured, or more nobly thought?

"*Artemidora*! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy slender feet
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thy own come near
And nearer, and solicit an embrace."
Artemidora sigh'd, and would have prest
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Iris stood over her dark hair unseen
While thus *Elpenor* spake. He lookt into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, but now dim with tears
And wakefulness. Again he spake of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more:
Her head fell back: and now a loud deep sob
Swell'd thro' the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers.

The exquisite music of those lines—the grave, tender, solemn music—how true both to Greek life and human nature! In "*Enallos* and *Cymodameia*," also, is a passage without equal in its kind. Of all the pictures of nymphs and tritons none surpass this loving and "gravely-gladsome" group, sporting beneath the green light of the sea waves:

Meanwhile beneficent *Apollo* saw
With his bright eyes into the sea's calm depth,
And there he saw *Enallos*, there he saw
Cymodameia. Gravely-gladsome light
Environed them with its eternal green,
And many nymphs sat round; one blew aloud
The spiral shell; one drew bright chords across
Shell more expansive; tenderly a third
With covering lip hung o'er the flute, and stopt
At will its dulcet sob, or waked to joy;
A fourth took up the lyre and pinched the strings,
Invisible by trembling: many rais'd
Clear voices. Thus they spent their happy hours.
I know them all; but all with eyes downcast,
Conscious of loving, have entreated me
I would not utter now their names above.

"I know them all," was often Landor's pleasant boast when speaking of the nymphs: and it was a true word. He does know them all, those lovely forms of Grecian faith and poetry, and could call each one by her name; could tell whom *Pan*, and whom *Apollo*, whom *Pythias*, and whom *Aleiphron* loved; where the *Hamadryad* lived who loved *Rhaicos*; where the kiss was stolen which made the sister nymphs run startled and blushing to the woods; and where the song was sung which told the listening shepherds all they only half believed before. He knows all their haunts, their homes, their ways; for the nymphs are no shadowy abstractions of natural powers to him; as little so as they were to *Pindar* or to *Æschylus*; and he writes of them in that love and faith which in a Greek would have been called true piety and warmest religion.

Landor's poetry is statuesque. We all know *Flaxman's* "*Mercury bearing *Pandora**," but we have not all seen its companion here. We are still with *Cymodameia*.

She saw him in the action of his prayer,
Troubled and ran to soothe him. From the ground,
Ere she had clapt his neck, her feet were borne.
He caught her robe; and its white radiance rose
Rapidly, all day long, through the green sea.
Enallos loost not from that robe his grasp,
But spann'd one ankle too. The swift ascent
Had stunn'd them into slumber, sweet, serene,
Invigorating her, nor letting loose
The lover's arm below; albeit at last
It closed those eyes intensely fixt thereon,
And still as fixt in dreaming.

In "*Europa* and her Mother" again is a piece of very exquisite art; this time painting rather than sculpture; with more colour in it than marble can give, and with more flowing lines than could be well stricken out of

stone. A small cabinet picture attributed to Correggio, which was in the poet's possession when he lived in those pleasant rooms of his at Bath, has the same tender attitude:

Leap off, mad girl!
She laughs! He lows so loud she hears not me . . .
But she looks sadder, or my sight is dim . . .
Against his nostril fondly hangs her hand
While his eye glances over it, fondly too.
It will be night, dark night, ere she returns,
And that new scarf! the spray will ruin it!

One of the most beautiful of all the Helenes is the "Hamadryad:" the description of the nymph is marvellous for its delicacy, firmness, and purity:

Again
Both turn'd toward it; and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering, like the face beneath.
"What dost thou here?" Echoion, half-afraid,
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gasped, drew in
His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,
But could not into one.

"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old man went
Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

HAMADRYAD.
And wouldst thou now shed the most innocent
Of blood? no vow demands it; no God wills
The oak to bleed.

RHAICOS.
Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the rob'd
In white or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, touch'd by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side.

In another spirit does Phanoë tell us, putting a little, how Alcanor spoilt her devotions when she went to pay due honours unto Pan, and how the god looked angrily down at the bold shepherd who came too near his favourite priestess. It is an alto-relievo that stands out like very life:

He may snatch off my slipper while I kneel
To Pan, upon the stone so worn aslant
That it is difficult to kneel upon
Without my leaving half a slipper loose.
Little cares he for Pan: he scarcely fears
That other, powerfuller and terrible,
To whom more crowns are offered than to Zeus,
Or any God beside, and oftener changed.
In spring we garland him with pointed flowers,
Anemone and crocus and jonquil,
And tender hyacinth in clustering curls;
Then with sweet-breathing mountain strawberry
Then pear and apple blossom, promising
(If he is good) to bring the fruit full-ripe,
Hanging it round about his brow, his nose,
Down even to his lips. When autumn comes,
His russet vine-wreath crackles under grapes:
Some trim his neck with barley, wheat, and oat;
Some twine his naked waist with them: and last
His reverend head is seen and worship'd through
Stiff narrow olive-leaves, that last till spring.
Say, ought I not to fear so wild a boy,
Who fears not even him? but once has tried
By force to make me pat him, after prayers?
How fierce then lookt the God! and from above
How the club reddened, as athirst for blood!
Yet, fearing and suspecting the audacious,
Up Menalos I must, for there my herd
Is browsing on the thorn and citisus
At random.

A sadder scene follows in the second part of "Corythos," which, with "Orestes and Electra," contains the most powerful of Landor's tragic lines:

When Paris first perceives
A stranger, of fresh age and ardent mien,
Advance, then hesitate, and then retreat
Disturb'd and trembling, voiceless, motionless,
Nameless, and without call or office there,
And when he sees the purple robe he wears,
Woven by Helena in former days,
Perhaps too for the man she since had loved,
A thousand furies rush into his breast,
He tears it off, he hurls it on the ground,
He strikes with rapid sword, the face, the neck,

The bosom, of his child, and with his heel
Stamps on the hands in vain to heaven uprais'd,
And hears, infuriate wretch! but bubbling blood,
And one loud female shriek . . . Thy child! Thy child!

Turn now to "Menelaus and Helen at Troy." Here we have power of another kind—the power found in the infinite tenderness of a hero too strong and brave for aught but mercy and forgiveness. The idyl is too long to extract, but it is one which, in its truth and force, has deep meaning and enduring memories for the reader. Of each passion that sways humanity Mr. Landor is supremest master. From the most wrathful majesty he can pass to the divinest pity; from the scorn which spurns with a Titan's hand, and hurls down thunderbolts of fiery rage quick and scorching, he can stoop to lift up the timid child, and set her lovingly by his side. Nothing is too vast or strong, nothing too tender for him to feel; he runs through the whole chord of human emotions, and strikes each note as clearly and truly as the rest. His humanity is classic humanity; more beautiful and noble than the manhood which lounges through the club or the counting-house, smoking and talking the latest slang glibly; more simple and loving than the womanhood which wears mock lace about its paste, and marries off its daughters to so much rent-roll and acreage. With the commercial developments of the age, and all that this term implies, Landor has no sympathy. He is essentially the artist, but the classic artist, grave, severe, decorous, and loving, without flutter or finery, without glare or shine; taking all his ornaments from nature, or from the art which made the Ionic pillar, and fashioned out the Milo Venus: not stepping down so low as to the Composite, and using very sparingly even the Corinthian. His warmest poems are chaster than many a man's coldest; and even when warmest, ever pure, because natural, and because never losing sight of a certain heroic kind of chivalry which we take to be the essence of all true love. Grand, statuesque, heroic, these idyls stand alone and apart from all other poetry in our language: no one has approached near to them in spirit or in tone, and with Mr. Landor begins and ends our only real classic literature; our only faithful transcript of Hellenic thought, of Hellenic life, and Hellenic beauty.

Quakerism: Past and Present. By John Stephenson Rowntree. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)
The Peculium. By Thomas Hancock. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

It was very natural for the Quakers to desire an investigation into the causes of their decline, as few sects are willing to admit the simple fact, that special modifications of a great religion arise out of temporary circumstances, and cannot become either universal or enduring. If, in reply to the demand for essays on this subject, any one had written the plain sentence that Quakerism declined because it was no longer wanted, he would scarcely have received the prize that fell to the author of the first of the two volumes at the head of this notice, and yet he would in a few words have explained the whole philosophy of the matter. We respect the earnest convictions of any religious body, and recognise the many excellent points of Quaker character, and the distinguished services their society has rendered to the cause of humanity; but that which is good among the confederation of Friends is no longer peculiar, and when they betook themselves to buttons

and pleasant colours, they practically confessed that ascetic externalities were not necessary as aids to a useful or a spiritual life. Nothing could differ more than the original Quaker renouncing worldly comforts and rushing about the streets without shoes, or in a state of nature, proclaiming what he believed to be God's judgments on the wicked, and his modern descendant, richly though quaintly clothed, giving his mind to old port as well as to schemes of benevolence, and reconciling with unwearied industry public duties and the sharp pursuit of gain.

In 1647, when George Fox began his career, there was an amount of profligacy, formalism, and indifference to protest against, which has no existence now; and when a thick darkness rested upon multitudes there would naturally be a craving among many for an "inward light," such as Quakerism professed to kindle up. At a later period, when the influences which first made Quakerism powerful had ceased to operate, the sect was a great gainer in moral dignity and position, by the energy which it displayed in the cause of negro emancipation, and, still more recently, it has commanded respect by its valuable aid in criminal reformation. It was likewise distinguished by its attention to female education. But other persons, who wear the usual productions of male and female tailorscraft, who play the piano, sing songs, go to the opera, and have a ritual church service, are also working in every good field, and thus demonstrating that the peculiarities of Quakerism are no longer needed to assist in doing the world's work. Much of this is seen and ably explained by the author of the prize essay, but we cannot admit the full propriety of his title, as he has omitted from his picture of Quakerism in the past, everything that would offend the sensibilities of Quakerism in the present. By this means historical truth is sacrificed, and no one, confining himself to Mr. Rowntree's pages, would have any idea that the early Friends exhibited stark staring fanaticism as well as spiritual faith.

Some tints belonging to the darker side of the picture are given in the "Peculium," which contains much interesting matter; but neither volume, nor both put together, present such a view of the subject as would satisfy a student of psychology desirous of tracing the rise and fall of a curious and interesting faith. Although written in a kindly spirit, the prize essay will be very damaging to the sect, because it attributes a diminution of members to almost every practice by which the Quaker differs from any other religious man, and exhibits the decline itself in a striking point of view. According to this writer there is now one Quaker to eleven hundred ordinary people in these islands, while in 1680 he computes them to have stood in reference to other folks in the ratio of one to one hundred and thirty. Quakerism became comfortable because asceticism ceased to be a natural revulsion of virtue from vice; and as the plain tendency of the age is to connect religion with aesthetics and sociability, people will prefer a creed that does not object to music and pictures, and which does not think the highest form of congregational worship consists in silent meditation in an ugly room. Let the peculiarities which are of no use die naturally and peaceably, and if, as we hope, we shall have more Frys and Sturges, they can do their good deeds none the worse for mingling more freely in the innocent enjoyments of life

The Strength of Nations. By Andrew Bisset. (Smith, Elder, & Co.)

MR. BISSET has produced a painstaking work, exhibiting considerable research and miscellaneous reading, and many of his views will be found correct and valuable at the present moment; but his philosophy of history is not sufficiently thought out, and he lacks the art of subordinating details to his general purpose. If we have rightly apprehended his object, he wishes to show the superiority of a militia composed of citizens over a mere hireling army, and to advocate a return, with appropriate modifications, to the old feudal plan of making the land provide for the defence of the country. We fully agree with his wish that parishes should again discharge their ancient functions of providing ground for military exercises, substituting the rifle target for the archery butt; and until some such plan is in force, it is vain to hope that the young men of modern England will be as ready for their country's defence as their progenitors were in the days of the Plantagenets. Mr. Bisset illustrates his subject from the history of the Spartans, Athenians, Romans, Spaniards, Turks, and Normans, and although we should object to some particular conclusions, we agree with his main proposition, viz., that a country is only safe when there is enough military knowledge, spirit, and physical strength, among its inhabitants to enable them to defend themselves, and that it is exceedingly dangerous to trust exclusively to any standing army, however well equipped. His observations on the soldiers of the Commonwealth and the splendid career of Blake are welcome incentives to the patriotic spirit which the circumstances of our time require. Mr. Bisset views the decline of small freeholders with an alarm which many will share with him, and protests with the utmost indignation against the practice of certain Scotch nobles in evicting their tenantry to make room for deer.

Our greatest source of danger is represented to be, not the fleets of Russia or of France, but oratory, and our author exclaims with due solemnity, "Let us all pray that the Almighty will deliver us from Parliamentary talent." We can scarcely say amen to this petition, because, although we do not deprecate its sarcastic spirit, as applied to the shoals of mere talkers who encumber the benches of the House of Commons, we cannot agree with the opinion that orators are able to cause the downfall of a state. So long as the elements of stability exist, the tendency of oratory is to spread a knowledge of public affairs and stimulate public spirit; it is only when powerful causes of decay are at work, that voluble impudence overpowers the utterance of genius and sense. In the English House of Commons, as at present constituted, there are few speakers good enough to produce a powerful impression upon popular audiences; and a large proportion of those who stand high as orators, like Graham, Gladstone, Palmerston, Russell, and Disraeli, are our ablest workers also. No doubt administrative ability often exists without the faculty of speech; but most men whose minds have that accurate logical structure, which is necessary for first-class oratory, possess more than the average share of practical talent. We could almost fear, from Mr. Bisset's rancour against orators, that he is only capable of eloquence in ink.

Anecdotes in Natural History. By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A. (Longman.)

EVERY new book upon natural history which is published brings us to the conviction that the lower animals are now treated with a respect, it might almost be said a reverence, which they have never yet experienced in modern times and the western world. Take Buffon, or even Cuvier, and we find the animal mentioned as a mere animal: look into any book of the present day, and a constant tendency to elevate the animal is sure to be found. Notably is this the case with the Rev. Mr. Wood, who, only in the last number of his attractive work, stated that all animals must inevitably possess souls. And now, here comes the Rev. F. O. Morris, who, if he does not as distinctly state himself a disciple of Mr. Wood, certainly urges the inference, though indirectly, that the creatures below man are more than mere physical existences. A review of a book of anecdotes necessarily resolves itself into a report, and that of Mr. Morris's book must be a good one. It is full of attractive anecdotes, told of all kinds of animals, mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes. The object of the book is certainly to inculcate in the young mind a great love of animals, and respect for their lives and comfort. This object will most assuredly be gained in many instances.

Mr. Morris begins quite naturally with dog-life, and in this chapter he quotes thus:

"The source, adds Mr. St. John, from which I received this anecdote, leaves no doubt upon my mind as to its truth. I must own, indeed, that I am greatly inclined to believe all stories which exemplify the reasoning powers or the fidelity of dogs. However marvellous they may be, my own experience leads me to think that, although they may not be *probable*, at least they are *possible*."

Of "hereditary instinct" in dogs, Mr. Morris has much to say, and he quotes from the writings of Mr. Andrew Knight to exemplify this quality:

"On one occasion five pounds of beefsteak suddenly disappears. Every dog about the place is suspected excepting Gripp, and he, 'poor brute,' the cook affirms, 'cannot be the thief; for he never moved from the fire, where he was drying himself, and he is the quietest dog in the world.' So says my friend's cook, at the very time that the poor good dog is suffering the most painful indigestion from having swallowed so much raw meat in addition to his regular meals, and the extra scraps that he has inveigled out of the cook by his unsophisticated innocence. The next day half a haunch of roebuck is gone: but Gripp still keeps his place in the good graces of everybody. 'It couldn't be Gripp,' is the universal cry, 'he wouldn't do such a thing!' At last Mr. Gripp is caught in the very act of swallowing the remains of a pound of butter, struggling in vain to bolt it at once; but it will not go down. Then comes a long train of circumstantial evidence, and a dozen recent robberies are brought home to him.

"Now the beast was always well fed, and was only impelled to steal by an hereditary irresistible impulse, handed down to him from his father and grandfather, who both belonged to a race of poachers in a country town, and had been taught to find their own living. Beyond a question, Gripp inherited his system of morality from his respectable ancestors, to whom he bore the strongest personal resemblance."

Mr. Broderip is the authority given for the following:

"We remember to have been particularly struck with the behaviour of a dog that had lost his master. We were walking down a hilly field, whose path terminated at a stile, which opened upon a road, running due east and west. This

road was cut at right angles by another road running northward. A dog passed with his nose close to the ground, keeping the downward path till he arrived at the stile, through which he squeezed himself, and, with his nose still down, he first hunted busily along the eastern branch and then along the western. He now retraced his steps, and when he came nearly opposite the northern road, he lifted his head, looked about him for a moment or two, and then set off along that road as fast as he could go, without putting his nose to the ground, as if thinking within himself, he is not gone that way—nor is he gone *that* way; therefore he must have gone this way. An operation of the mind very like a syllogism."

Of the affection proper of the dog we read much. Of one Boatswain it is said:

"A slight notice is acknowledged rather by an inward than an outward rejoicing, and he will suffer without a murmur a rejection, and even expulsion from a favourite situation, frequently even on the utterance of a simple command. But his most characteristic expression is when he manifests similar kindly feelings to his canine brethren, many of whom are too surly to accept them in the spirit in which they are offered, and the appearance of mortified disappointment in his countenance, when his approaches to friendly intercourse are met by a growl, are exceedingly expressive."

We do not read, in these pages, of a polite dog, such as that animal who always went out to cough when the paroxysm came on, and, upon its termination, returned to the room calm, and in a most matter-of-fact manner.

Perhaps the strongest dose of canine reasoning is the following:

"The day was hot, and the season unfavourable, by reason of the trade winds, so troublesome on the shores of the Mediterranean. After walking several hours in the desert which separates the town of Aiguemortes from Carmagne, we arrived at a plain where we found, in the midst of a whirlwind, some remains of a shipwreck. Out of three dogs which had followed our guide, only two had accompanied us to this spot. Their black hair attracted the rays of the sun, and the poor creatures, like ourselves, seemed to find the sand somewhat too warm to be pleasant. I sat down on a mat half buried in the sand. One of the dogs quickly conceived the idea of establishing itself near me. It nestled close to a horizontal plank by way of procuring a little shade, but, finding this insufficient, it hollowed the sand until it came to the part moistened by the sea. It then stretched itself with delight in this fresh and shady bed. There, said I, is an undoubted instance of reason. Had it been instinct, every animal of the same species placed in similar circumstances would have acted alike. But the other dog, though of the same race, and also weary, knew not what to do; it *writhed in the hot sand*."

It would seem that our canine friends have also reasoned themselves into a recognition of the value of modern institutions:

"A certain cattle dealer in Irvine is frequently in the habit, when visiting Ayr market on Tuesdays, of leaving his dog behind him. On these occasions, upon missing his master, the animal has been frequently known to take the next train to Ayr, visit the cattle market, and, not finding the object of his search, return again to Irvine. His conduct has often attracted the notice of the guards on the line, and his movements have been watched; but we have not heard by what class he is accustomed to travel, and at what rate he is charged."

Mr. Morris does not tell us of a talking dog, but we read of an animal whose sense of logical hearing seems pretty acute:

"His dog having been convicted of sheep killing, he told a man to shoot him the following morning. The dog was lying in the room at the time, and apparently listening to the conver-

sation. Whether he understood it or not, I will not pretend to determine; but the very first time the door was opened he bolted out, and never again came within reach of his old master. This seems rather a stretch of canine intelligence, but it was told to me as a true story, and I am convinced that the relator, who was the master of the dog, believed it himself."

With this little anecdote we may leave the dog with all the honours of animal reason, and turn to the elephant. We find many anecdotes of a pleasant kind—none more so than the following:

"This animal, in the absence of his keeper, was one day amusing himself with his chain in an open part of the town, when a man who had committed a theft, and was pursued by a great number of people, despairing of all other means of safety, drew for protection under the belly of the elephant. Delighted with the poor wretch's confidence, the elephant instantly faced about to the crowd, erected his proboscis and threw his chain in the air, as is the manner of these creatures when engaged with the enemy, and became so furious in the defence of the criminal, that, notwithstanding all the gentle arts made use of by the surrounding multitude, neither they nor even his keeper, to whom he was fondly attached, and who was sent for to manage him, could prevail upon him to give up the malefactor. The contest had continued above three hours, when at length the governor, hearing the strange account of it, came to the spot, and was so much pleased with the generous perseverance of the honest quadruped, that he yielded to the elephant's interposition, and pardoned the criminal. The poor man, in an ecstasy of gratitude, testified his acknowledgments by kissing and embracing the proboscis of his kind benefactor, who was, apparently, so sensible of what had happened, that laying aside all his former violence he became perfectly tame in an instant, and suffered his keeper to conduct him away without the smallest resistance."

The horse is also a highly reasoning animal, if the following account be true:

"When a boy, being at Whitchurch, near Blandford, Dorset, I noticed two cart-horses that were driven from a farm-yard to drink. The brook was frozen over, and one horse struck with his foot to break the ice, but it was too hard to yield. The two horses then, standing side by side, lifted each a foot simultaneously, and causing their hoofs to descend together, the united impulse broke the ice. We are aware that 'union is strength'; but men could not have done better. Alexander Pope speaks of the 'half-reasoning elephant'; would not facts, such as the above, justify the epithet, 'fully reasoning horse'?"

The mule has reason, it seems; and as for the fox, why one Olaus proves that cunning animal to be the king of the animal reasoners:

"Derham quotes Olaus, in his account of Norway, as having himself witnessed the fact of a fox dropping the end of its tail among the rocks on the sea-shore, to catch the crabs below, and hauling up and devouring such as laid hold of it."

The monkey and the beaver receive each honourable mention, the bat, the rabbit, and the hedgehog follow, and even the hungry wolf is not absent. The simple goose is also noticed, the following anecdote of course displaying her reason:

"A goose, belonging to a clergyman in Cheshire, was 'set' (as it is termed) on six or eight eggs. The dairymaid, thinking these two few for so large a bird to cover, added an equal number of ducks' eggs. The next morning she went as usual to see if all was right, when, to her great surprise, she found the goose quiet on the nest, but every one of the ducks' eggs picked out and lying on the ground. Her mistress directed her to replace them, which was accordingly done; but the next morning, on going again to examine the nest, she

found all the ducks' eggs, as before, moved off, and lying round about the nest—the goose eggs remaining under the sitting bird in perfect order."

The frog and the toad have a page, and pretty anecdotes are told about them; even gold fish are something more than gold fish:

"I once had occasion to observe the strength of friendship which can exist even between fish. I was accustomed to keep some golden fish in a large glass globe. I do not think that I should do so now; for whatever care I might take of them, still it was a state of imprisonment to which I was dooming them. It so happened that, from some cause, the nature of which I do not now recollect, my stock was diminished to two. I gave away one of them. The other, from that moment, refused to eat; he lay motionless at the bottom of the water, and, as I thought, was evidently pining away. It struck me that he was mourning the loss of his companion. I shall never forget the evident joy and strange antics to which he abandoned himself when his companion was restored to him."

Enfin, this is a pleasant book, but a little too spiritual. And is it not just possible that, if the lower creation possessed souls, all men would possess some innate knowledge of their presence, and not need to be informed of such a divine arrangement by the medium of a book on natural history?

The Recreations of a Country Parson. (John W. Parker & Son.)

AN earnest, well-written, good-humoured, good-sensed, genial book is this; one fit most entirely for the present season. We wish the author the compliments of Christmas-time, and thank him heartily for the treat he has given us. And we wish our readers, too, the same compliments, and assure them that they will add no little to the pleasure which we trust they will all enjoy at this season, if they will buy this book, or borrow it from their circulating library, and read it aloud in the evening by the mellow lamp-light round the pleasant fireside. But, perhaps, gentle reader, you do not subscribe to Mudie's, and do not feel inclined to invest so much capital in the purchase of the book. Well, then, we will have half an hour's chat about the "Recreations of a Country Parson." Now, what do you imagine from the title that the book is about? We must tell you beforehand that it is a volume of essays, for the most part reprinted from *Fraser's Magazine*. Well, some country parsons have written about birds, beasts, and fishes; some about antiquities; some upon various scientific subjects: is it any of these? No; guess again. Well, schools, then; or church architecture; or education; or the state of the poor-law? No; though every one perhaps of the subjects named may be found to have entered into the author's mind, more or less, as he wrote his book. Well, what is it about then? Everything, everything and anything you like; and a very pleasant, and interesting, and happy book it is, and a very pleasant and happy man must the writer of it be, if only he be in reality anything like what from his style we should picture him to be—a man of sound thought, good feeling, and excellent practical common sense; no pedant, but a learned man, and a Christian into the bargain. There are few books lately published with which we have been so much pleased as with this; and we trust that it will find its way into many a home this Christmas-time, for we are sure that it will bring good with it.

Well, the "parson" seems to be a quiet, amiable, unassuming country parson, with a moderate incumbency north of the Tweed; sufficient means to keep the wolf from the door, and, still more, to furnish him with the usual comforts of a country life; enough people to look after to occupy his time so far as to make his life essentially a clergyman's life; a strict conscience with regard to his duty; an honest purpose with regard to the performance of that duty; and a thankful heart for the blessings which God has given him. If any man whom we know—no, not whom we know, for we have not the pleasure of knowing the author, but—if there be any man to whom we can point as a man to be envied, we should say that the writer of this book is the man; one who has the best of all work to do, and finds his happiness in doing it; a sincere and sensible interest in the duties he has to perform, a competency sufficient to give him the comfort of a quiet mind, and feeling sufficient to make him grateful to the Giver of all.

The first essay is begun on a beautiful sunshiny morning early in July. The author loves the sunshine; he commences with his love for it, and after a digression of some eight pages returns to the sunshine again; and in almost every other page throughout the volume is recorded his fondness for daisies and green grass, and "the blue above the trees." Happy is the man who can find his enjoyment in a simple country life; still happier he who can gratify such a taste. Are there not many in this huge crowded city whose very hearts it would refresh if they could but—as in the midst of their soul-crushing work they so often and so vainly long to do—for one moment

Breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above their heads,
And the grass beneath their feet.

But we are moralising, and forgetting the matter in hand. Let us turn, therefore, to the second essay in the book, Concerning the Art of Putting Things; which is a very clever and a very pleasant paper. It is a very great and useful gift, this art of putting things, and one which may be made to work out great results; and he has a very powerful weapon at his command, who possesses the faculty of putting things so strikingly, clearly, pithily, forcibly, glaringly, as to "get through that numbness, that crust of insensibility," that walls about and roofs over the mental organs of perception. To convey truths, whether religious, social, or political, in such a manner as to compel people "to feel what they had always known and talked about, but never felt,"—this is one great result to be gained by skill in the art of putting things. Moreover this same art is personally very useful to the happy possessor of it; for it materially depends upon the way in which we put things to ourselves, whether at any given time or under any given circumstances we find comfort or discomfort, happiness or misery.

"Some people have a happy knack for putting in a pleasant way everything that concerns themselves. Mr. A.'s son gets a poor place as a Bank clerk: his father goes about saying that the lad has found a fine opening in business. The young man is ordained, and gets a curacy on Salisbury Plain: his father rejoices that there, never seeing a human face, he has abundant leisure for study, and for improving his mind. Or, the curacy is in the most crowded part of Manchester or Bethnal Green: the father now rejoices that his son has opportunities of acquiring clerical experience, and of visiting the homes of the poor. Such

a man's house is in a well wooded country : the situation is delightfully sheltered. He removes to a bare district without a tree :—ah ! there he has beautiful pure air and extensive views. It is well for human beings when they have the pleasant art of thus putting things ; for many, we all know, have the art of putting things in just the opposite way. They look at all things through jaundiced eyes ; and as things appear to themselves, so they put them to others. You remember, reader, how once upon a time David Hume, the historian, kindly sent Rousseau a present of a dish of beefsteaks. Rousseau fired at this : he discerned in it a deep-laid insult : he put it that Hume, by sending the steaks, meant to insinuate that he, Rousseau, could not afford to buy proper food for himself. Ah, I have known various Rousseaus ! They had not the genius, indeed, but they had all the wrongheadedness."

Sometimes we find curious illustrations of men's views of the way of putting things. We remember to have heard once of a startling commencement of a sermon by a celebrated sound thinker and eminent divine, the Rev. Mr. Blank, who had chosen for his text a few words of St. Paul, in which, at the end of a close argument, the Apostle asks those to whom he writes, whether, after such a view of the case as that which he had laid before them, they would still venture to live in the error which he had so entirely refuted. "You will observe, my dear friends," began the learned preacher, "that St. Paul puts this question *interrogatively*." Now this was a great hit ; and no doubt Mrs. and Miss Praise-God Barebones congratulated themselves highly upon the blessing of "sitting under" one who made discoveries in the Apostolic writings which had escaped the meaner minds of all commentators from St. Augustine downwards ; though it is quite possible that poor benighted Mr. Churchman on the other hand did not see much in Mr. Blank's remark, and—wretched heathen that he was!—ventured to suggest that he even thought it rather absurd.

But, talking of sermons, we must give our readers another extract from essay No. 2 :

"One of the latest instances of skill in putting things which I remember to have struck me, I came upon—where abundance of such skill may be found—in a leading article in the *Times*. The writer of that article was endeavouring to show that the work of the country clergy is extremely light. Of course he is sadly mistaken ; but this by the way. As to sermons, said the lively writer (I don't pretend to give his exact words), what work is there in a sermon ? Just fancy that you are writing half a dozen letters of four pages each, and crossed ! The thing was cleverly put ; and it really came on me with the force of a fact, a new and surprising fact. Many sermons has this thin right hand written ; but my impression of a sermon, drawn from some years' experience, is of a composition very different from a letter—something demanding that brain and heart should be worked to the top of their bent for more hours than need be mentioned here ; something implying as hard and as exhausting labour as man can well go through. Surely, I thought, I have been working under a sad delusion ! Only half-a-dozen light letters of gossip to a friend : that is the amount of work implied in a sermon ! Have I been all these years making a bugbear of such a simple and easy matter as that ? Here is a new and cheerful way of putting the thing ! But, unhappily, though the clever representation would no doubt convey to some thousands of readers the impression, that to write a sermon was a very simple affair after all, it broke down, it crumbled up, it went to pieces when brought to the test of fact."

And if the clever writer referred to be the learned barrister who dates his productions

from the Broad Phylactery, we may remind him of the long discourse upon vital Christianity delivered in September last by one of the great stars of his profession, the very able and lucid Sir Richard Bethell. *Habitans in Sicco* may possibly have learned from the signal failure of the Attorney-General, that it is not quite so easy a thing as he imagines to preach a good sermon every week throughout the year. We do not allude to the flimsy wish-washy extrumpery—we beg pardon, *extempore* performances in which one little idea, and that not unfrequently a borrowed idea, is tortured and twisted, and beaten and battered out into a thousand and one different forms, just as a conjuror for the amusement of children will make of one small piece of paper now a fan, now a boat, now a cocked-hat, and thirty other things, though the children themselves can see that it is still the same piece of paper always ;—but a good sermon, a sensible, thoughtful sermon ! Let the writer in the *Times* try to produce such a sermon—not once in the way—not even a volume or two of such—but one a week for a year or two, and we will be bound that he will soon confess that his lively representation of sermon-writing was a misrepresentation ; it will not stand the test of experiment.

Chapter III., "Concerning two Blisters of Humanity : being thoughts on Petty Malignity and Petty Trickery," is a very well-written chapter, and one well worth the trouble of reading. The author began it, as he tells us, seated on a manger in a very light and snug stable, with his paper spread upon his horse's face, occupying the flat part between his eyes. It commences in the writer's usual rambling discursive style, in which, however, there is something so healthy and so pleasant, that we must confess that we not only do not agree in the strictures of the *Saturday Review*, but positively enjoy our author's irrelevant chat about scenery, horses, and so forth, and like the desultory fashion in which his compositions wander about.

There is many a neighbourhood in which a public reading, if such a thing were possible, of this essay would do, we are sure, an infinite deal of good. Small country towns and villages are proverbially blessed with super-abundant crops of petty spitefulness ; though the same plant does not appear to require exclusively fresh and pure country air to mature its growth ; it flourishes pretty well and brings forth much fruit in the smoky atmosphere of London too. There are few of our readers but can point easily enough to members of their acquaintance in whose hearts this evil passion appears to have taken deep root ; people whose bile is excited at the slightest mention of anything that redounds to anybody's credit ; who believe instantly on almost no evidence at all, and report with the utmost satisfaction anything bad of any one, but most carefully and critically examine into the truth of any good act said to be done by their neighbours. There are not many who appear to love their neighbours as themselves ; and we know very well that it is perfectly impossible for any one person to do any one thing but what our author's friends, Mr. Snarling and Miss Limejuice, will, with malignant ingenuity, find out that it was precisely that which that person ought not to have done. We must suppose that a great deal of this arises not from any natural malevolence of disposition, but from their way—to borrow a phrase from the essay of

which we were just now speaking—of "putting things," whether to themselves or to others. It is related of Warren Hastings, the great Governor-General of India, that, though the inmost conviction of his soul was that his conduct of the affairs of the empire entrusted to him had ever been just and beneficent, yet, as he listened to the opening speech of Burke against him, he began to see things in a new light, and actually—to use his own words—"felt himself the most guilty being upon earth." But, he adds,—and this, as our readers have doubtless learned long before now from experience, is the only resource left to the best man upon earth under many of the annoyances with which day after day he has to contend,—"I recurred to my own heart, and there found what sustained me under all this accusation." But our author shall give his own opinion in his own words :

"I have said that I do not believe there is much real malignity among ordinary men and women. It is only at the petty misfortunes of men's friends that they ever feel this unamiable satisfaction. When great sorrow befalls a friend, all this unworthy feeling goes ; and the heart is filled with true sympathy and kindness. A man must be very bad indeed if this is not the case. It strikes me as something fiend-like rather than human, Byron's savage exultation over the melancholy end of the great and amiable Sir Samuel Romilly. Romilly had given him offence by acting as legal adviser to some whom Byron regarded as his enemies. But it was babyish to cherish enmity for such a cause as that ; and it was diabolical to rejoice at the sad close of that life of usefulness and honour. It was not good in James Watt, writing in old age an account of one of his many great inventions, to name very bitterly a man who had pirated it ; and to add, with a vengeful chuckle, that the poor man was 'afterwards hanged.' No private ground of offence should make you rejoice that your fellow-creature was hanged. You may justifiably rejoice in such a case only when the man hanged was a public offender and an enemy of the race. Throw up your hat, if you please, when Nana Sahib stretches the hemp at last ! That is all right. He never did harm to you individually ; but you think of Cawnpore ; and it is quite fit that there should be a bitter, burning satisfaction felt at the condign punishment of one whose punishment eternal justice demands. What is the use of the gallows, if not for that incarnate demon ! I think of the poor sailors who were present at the trial of a bloodthirsty pirate of the Cuban coast. 'I suppose,' said the one doubtfully to the other, 'the devil will get that fellow.' 'I should hope so,' was the unhesitating reply ; 'or what would be the use of having any devil !'"

It is quite true that petty malignity and petty trickery do not do much serious harm to any healthy-minded man or woman, but they maintain a constant irritation ; they aggravate, and worry, and annoy. And we can well sympathise "with that good, and great, and honest, and amiable, and sterling man, Dr. Chalmers, when we find him recording in his diary, when he was a country parish minister, how he was unable to make satisfactory progress with his sermon one whole forenoon, because some tricky and over-reaching farmer in the neighbourhood drove two calves into a field of his glebe, where the great man found them in the morning, devouring his fine young clover. The sensitive machinery of the good man's mind could not work, when the gritty grains of the small vexation were fretting its polished exterior."

The chapter on Work and Play contains much good writing and much sound thought. The pages devoted to the recreations of the intellectual worker are among the best in

the book. Alack and alas! how many have no recreation worthy of the name; how many are there who, after using their eyes and exercising their brain all the day long by way of work, find their only amusement in using their eyes and exercising their brain all the evening over some unprofessional book by way of relaxation. Now, these unprofessional books are indeed excellent in their way. They serve to relax and interest the mind; but then, as our essayist well observes,—such relaxations

"Wear out the eyes, they contract the chest, and render the muscles flabby, they ruin the ganglionic apparatus, they make the mind but unmake the body."

It is true, quite true. The intellectual labourers of the present day do not understand what recreation really is or should be; they make theirs purely mental:

"They give a little play to their minds, after their day's work; but they give no play to their eyes, to their brains, to their hearts, to their digestion,—in short, to their bodies: and therefore they grow weak, unmuscular, nervous, dyspeptic, near-sighted, out-of-breath, neuralgic, pressure-on-the-brain, thin-haired men."

We agree with our author that there is much sound sense in Sir Thomas More's "Utopia;" but we would remind him that the Chancellor of King Henry VIII. shows even sounder sense than he gives him credit for, when he portions out the occupations of the twenty-four hours of the day for the inhabitants of his model community. He does not, as our essayist says, assign "half the day for work, and half for honest recreation." He is wiser than that; and so requires only six hours' work of his happy islanders, three before dinner, and three after, with two hours' intermission between dinner and work for the benefit of the digestive organs. This was all very well for Utopia, where the invidious distinction of *meum* and *tuum* was unknown; where none was rich and none was poor, and all things were in common, and all men worked not for themselves alone but for all: but the inhabitant of that favoured spot would hardly stand much chance of getting fat in London in the 19th century, nor in the country either if, as an agricultural labourer—and it was in agriculture that the Utopians chiefly excelled—he struck for six hours' work. Many hardly have an idea as to the beneficial effects of leisure, the advantage to mind and body of actually having as much as you want to do your work in. It is a blessing almost unknown in this fast-going high-pressure world of London, where every one seems to rush through life in such a breathless hurry. De Quincey, we read in the "Essay on Hury and Leisure,"—De Quincey, whose death we chronicled last week, and whose constitution of body must have been as wonderful as that of his mind, considering the wear and tear he must have gone through during the seventy-five years of his active and energetic and hard-working life,—De Quincey used to say, "that the conviction that he must produce a certain amount of writing in a limited time, often seemed to open new cells in his brain, rich in excellent thought;" and possibly others, too, may testify to the same experience. But then this cannot go on for ever; the mental machine cannot always be driven on at full speed; and all men are not De Quinceys, nor may all hope to see the other side of threescore years and ten, when subjected constantly to such a pressure on the brain, as that which stimulated

him to the production of the fourteen volumes of his which are now appearing.

But we must conclude. We have not said half as much as we would say of the pleasant book which is the subject of this article. A. K. H. B. is a delightful writer: there is a good, healthy, manly tone in his essays which we like much; and we shall not be at all sorry when the time comes for us to notice another volume from his pen.

ROUTES TO INDIA.

THE route to India is so manifestly a matter which concerns science, and art, and literature, as well as war and commerce, that we shall make no apology for directing the attention of our readers to the phases which this subject has latterly assumed. We can all recollect the long and weary time which was occupied by a voyage to our Eastern possessions, the suspense endured while awaiting the reply to a letter, and the joy with which the intelligence was received that the distance was practically reduced by two-thirds, that the tedious and often dangerous voyage round the Cape of Good Hope was no longer an absolute necessity, but that the journey to Calcutta might be relieved by visits to Paris, Marseilles, Rome, Naples, Malta, Alexandria, and Cairo. It began to be regarded as a brilliant holiday, as a means for seeing the most interesting parts of the world, for aiding in the formation of a just taste, for finishing a polite education. The consequences of the change have been manifold. Visits to India have been more frequent, and returns from it less problematical. A taste for English Art and English Literature has sprung up among those who once fancied themselves exiles, and did all in their power to accustom themselves to the habits of the country they had adopted. Our Peninsular and Oriental steamers are floating libraries as well as floating palaces; a constant interchange of books, periodicals, and newspapers has arisen between east and west, and the art and science of Europe are as well known in India as at home. It cannot be doubted that all this has had its effect upon the native character also, and though many years must pass before that effect can be thoroughly revealed, yet the intellectual superiority of a conquering and dominant race must in the long run leaven the native mass.

The introduction of the electric telegraph added greatly to the power of this movement. It still further bridged over the space between the government at home and the most magnificent possession of the crown abroad; it rendered India capable of rational government from Downing Street, and will ere long enable the Anglo-Indian minister to correspond in a few hours with the heads of departments in the capital of the east. The submarine telegraph will speedily complete this desideratum, and India may in half a century be united to England by a community of laws as much as Canada or Australia is now.

But while intelligence may thus be instantaneously transmitted, correspondence by letter and personal intercourse will necessarily be still under the usual laws of "time and space." These two elements cannot be altogether "annihilated," even though the object be so desirable as the "making two lovers happy."—Mahomet must still go to the mountain in default of the mountain being persuaded to come to Mahomet, and a weary journey must be undertaken through

the intermediate space before the resident in London can find himself in Calcutta, Madras, or Bombay. The overland route does nearly all that can ever be done. It has but one break, viz., at the Isthmus of Suez, and now by means of railways to Cairo, and other facilities, that break is rather a luxury than an inconvenience. A few perhaps might desire to go on as rapidly as possible—leave the land of Egypt without caring to see the Pyramids—and cast no longing look towards the wilderness so celebrated in sacred story.

Now we have lately had our attention a great deal called to a project by the notorious M. Lesseps for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez, and so making only one voyage from Marseilles or London to the continent of India. It has been treated as a commercial and as a political speculation, and we cannot help thinking that an infinitely greater importance has been attached to it than it can rightly claim. We shall first consider it from a commercial point of view, and we think that if it be fairly put out of court in that light, it will hardly be worth considering in the other. The ground has been surveyed by many engineers of the greatest scientific eminence, and they have without exception condemned the scheme as impracticable. We do not mean by this that it is absolutely impossible to cut such a canal, but that it could only be done at a vast cost of human life, and at so enormous an outlay of money that its success as a paying speculation would be out of the question. Humanity forbids the attempt; prudence shows that it would only entail a loss. Now this is quite cause enough for England to discourage the undertaking; she may decline to aid it with her capital, she may advise other powers not to enter upon so fruitless a labour. More than this she cannot rightly do, and we do not believe she has attempted to do more.

We have certainly subjects enough to dispute about without making new ones. The ground itself does not belong to us, nor does the money which is to be expended. If the Pacha of Egypt, the Sultan of Turkey, and any number of French, Austrian, or Russian capitalists choose to construct a canal, we do not see what England can have to say against the plan. What we anticipate is that, if the canal be made—which itself will be a work of much labour and danger, and will absorb some millions of capital as well as many years—it will cost almost as much annually to keep it clear; and, unless France think fit to waste on it the revenues of a province, it will soon take up all the subscribed capital, and then be choked with sand.

But we must now look upon it from another point of view. It is to make a high road to our Indian provinces, so that they may be more easily and speedily attacked. France is establishing an interest on the coast of Abyssinia, has already established a powerful one in Egypt. All along our route to India we are to find France a rival. She has her depôt at Adoolis; she is fighting in China; she is creating a power for herself in Annam. Her path would be smoothed by an entrance into the Red Sea from the Mediterranean. She would be a far more formidable antagonist than she is now. Now, for the moment, granting all this, the question arises: What right have we to interfere? The undertaking bears on the face of it that it is taken up in the general interest of mankind, that it will facilitate the

intercourse between Europe and Asia, that it will save a vast amount of land-carriage, of shipping and unshipping, and that France, Austria, Spain, and Italy all have a right to open any new route to the East that they think likely to further their commercial prosperity. All that we can say is: It may be made use of against us; we think it will, therefore we shall oppose the project. But those among us who take up this view seem to forget that the advantage is quite as great to ourselves as to our opponents. If they can pass through, so can we; if we are obliged to have a fleet in the Red Sea, so will they; our commerce exceeds theirs a thousand fold; we are twenty times more valuable to Egypt than they, and it will be quite impossible for their interest to outweigh ours in that country so long as it remains an independent state, or continues in its present condition of merely nominal subjection to the Porte. Nor is the notion of a French conquest of Egypt a whit more realisable because of a passage into the Red Sea. France has the whole coast of the Mediterranean to act upon, and no strategist in his senses would attack Cairo from the Red Sea. Nelson had no power to support him on its waters, and in his time the first Napoleon actually had possession of the country. We cannot but reiterate our opinion that the canal, if made, will be more valuable to us than to the French. Only, looking at the cost which will attend its construction, we shall do well to have no shares in the company.

A few words on Eastern Africa. Along both shores of the Red Sea are scattered, thinly indeed, but we believe not ineffectually, the seeds of civilisation. As that civilisation spreads, and it must ultimately spread, so the resources of Africa will be developed, and the Red Sea will be a great channel of commerce. We wish we could think better of the plan of M. Lesseps, but we have no hopes of its success; that, however, which cannot be done by a canal will effectually be done by railway, and we shall have pouring into the Mediterranean, by means of the railways of Lower Egypt, all the riches of East Africa. France and England have a rivalry before them more honourable than that which M. Lesseps and his foolish friends are trying to provoke. They are both endeavouring to civilise Madagascar, and that fine island, one of the richest in the world, will soon find along the waters of the Red Sea her path to Europe. As to the canal, we have shown 1st. That in the judgment of the greatest engineers it can't be made; 2ndly. That, if it be made, it won't pay; and 3rdly. That, even if it were constructed, and paid a handsome dividend, it will do us rather good than harm. We understand that all English opposition to the scheme will be withdrawn, and our own opinion is that this being done the scheme itself will fall to the ground. So long as England opposed it, and it might be made a cause of cavilling, an instrument for the creation of political capital at Constantinople and Cairo, so long it was insisted upon. The moment England says, "Well, make it if you like, it matters nothing to me, you have as much right to bury your money in the sand, or to fling it into the sea, as anybody else,"—that moment the project becomes a mere commercial one, and we do not imagine that many capitalists will be found ready to expend their money upon its completion.

Another point of policy not very dissimilar is that which is now mooted in connection

with the Spanish invasion of Morocco. The Spaniards are not to be permitted to occupy the coast opposite to Gibraltar; so runs the voice of a particular party in England. But here again what right have we to dictate to an independent nation what conquests they shall make? We may indeed proclaim ourselves allies of the Moors, and so acquire a right; but as neutrals we certainly have none. And, moreover, were we to make such a demand, we should be asking for a worthless concession. There is no point on the coast of Africa which could neutralise our possession of Gibraltar. No fortifications could be made to command the Strait as ours do; and, while we have no doubt that the moral influence of England will be used to restrain, and that of France to exasperate the war, we see no reason to believe that English interests would suffer even if all Northern Africa were in the hands of Spain, or, what is more to the purpose, of France. The interests of human progress, and these are ever chief in our eyes, require that the great highway of nations should be free; and we again repeat that no counter fortifications could close up the Mediterranean while Gibraltar remains in our possession. Nobody supposes that Algeria is not better off and of more advantage to the world as a French province than when it was a nest of pirates; and if Morocco were to share the same fate, all the better would it be for art and science and literature and civilisation and Christianity. While, however, we speak thus, we would not have our statesmen unmindful of English interests. We must have our way to India clear, whatever quarrels may occur among other nations, and whatever pretensions may be raised against us. We must uphold our own rights with as much zeal as we display justice towards the rights of others; and it is for us to see that in the exercise of those rights they do not so act as to prejudice our own.

We admit that the policy of the French Empire is not easy to understand; that it is not in all points reassuring to England. We are not, therefore to impugn common rights, or to make that a cause of quarrel which may be explained in a satisfactory way.

NEW NOVELS.

Seven Years, and other Tales. By Julia Kavanagh. Author of "Nathalie," &c. (Hurst & Blackett.)

It is a positive relief to meet with Miss Kavanagh after the story-telling inflictions one meets with in every corner of the novelist's world. Fresh, genial, clear in her descriptions, and happy in her characters, she is a charming companion on a winter's evening, and whiles away the lengthening hours with her pleasant gossip delightfully. The easy chair wheeled close to the fire, the lamp newly trimmed, and those three enticing volumes in his hand—what can a man want more to make him supremely cheerful and comfortable, while the snow falls thickly out of doors, or the wind howls fiercely round the roof? Thanks to Miss Kavanagh and her skilful fancies, many a long winter's evening, that might else have loitered lamely along the path of time, will now glide swiftly by like a summer's morning, bringing only pleasure and leaving a sweet memory of happy hours most charmingly employed.

Miss Kavanagh is genial and good-natured. All her philosophy is of the bright and loving kind; it consists of belief in human goodness and human love, not sour bewailings against the evil of the human heart, and the wickedness of the world; just such philosophy, in short, as one delights to see in a bright-minded, cheery-voiced, intelligent woman, who thinks her mission is to love and

support, not to reform and teach. Long accustomed to France, Miss Kavanagh has learnt something of the easy cheery-coloured mode of life of that nation; she does not look sourly at grapes and flowers, wine and jewels, nor condemn the affections as snares, and the emotions as stumbling-blocks to be removed at any cost. She is content to love, to laugh, and to believe; to bear the cross of sacrifice when needed, and to bear it bravely; but she does not see any good in dry bread and penitential psalms, because her flighty little neighbour affects flounces and the vanities, and the sum of human mortification must be made up somehow. We confess we like Miss Kavanagh's happy philosophy; we sympathise with her characters, and delight in their genial inspirations; and we are unfeignedly rejoiced that she has been able to write a good and ennobling book without any of the twang of the conventicle about it, and without thinking it necessary to put on a Geneva gown and cassock over her skirts and crinoline. Women who preach in their novels are generally terrible mistakes; women who teach, in the gentle, friendly, genial manner of Miss Kavanagh, by sympathy and example, are worth half the professed moralisers of the age.

The longest and most ambitious tale of this collection is that which gives its name to the whole work. In "Seven Years" we learn how honest love at last wins all before it; how patience and heroism, and unselfishness, meet with their reward even here, and how no one need despair, how bleak and black soever their present prospects, to whom fate and nature have given simple faith and an enduring will. These views are very beautifully worked out. In the first place, the honest truth and love of big Baptiste, that slow-thinking and most faithful Fleming, sober and reform light-minded Fanny, make her noble, brave, and strong, steady the balloon head, consolidate the floating will, and lighten up the flickering heart with a flame as real as his. And when sorrow comes on Madame la Roche, Fanny's mistress and guardian, the power and sanctification got from her love enable Fanny to enter on her life of self-abnegation and heroism, and to gather strength and blessedness from her trials. Who would have thought that this little creature could ever grow into a noble-hearted, strong-minded woman?

"Two years had altered Fanny. She was not much taller, it is true, but she had grown decidedly plump. The freshness of a rose had settled on her cheeks, which two dimples adorned. And with her bright black eyes, red lips, and white teeth, Fanny looked and was a very pretty girl indeed. Yet these charms, though real, could scarcely account for the fascination of which Baptiste was victim. He had loved, when Fanny was a slim, sallow girl, whom most people thought plain. With his fondness her beauty had nothing to do. And who, that scanned her neatly-fitting merino, her tiny apron, in the pockets of which her hands rested with coquettish grace, who, above all, that saw the white fantastic cap perched on the top of her head, could suppose that Fanny might become the heroine of a love tragedy, or, at least, of a melo-drama. It seemed absurd; comedy, light, careless comedy, was written in the whole aspect of the Parisian girl. As well might two men draw swords about a butterfly, as quarrel for the preference of this flighty, pert-looking little creature."

And when further on she enacts the following scene, we do not feel inclined to be either merciful to the present or believing in the future:

"Fanny," mildly said Madame la Roche, "what is the meaning of all this? Why do you trifle with an honest man like Baptiste? I fear it is wrong, my dear child, really wrong."

"Wrong!" indignantly muttered Marie.

"Fanny stood leaning against a rosewood commode, her hands still in her pockets, her eyes downcast, her whole aspect expressing wilfulness and caprice. With some emotion Baptiste spoke.

"Fanny, I did not come here to torment you. I merely want a plain answer from you. Tell me once for all, 'Baptiste, I dislike you,' and I shall trouble you no more."

"Fanny smiled prettily without looking up, and did not seem in the least inclined to pronounce this harsh sentence. It was Charlotte who spoke for her.

"Dislike him," she said with a sneer, "things had come to a pretty pass when a man expected to be disliked by a pretty girl."

"But I do not dislike you at all, Baptiste," mildly said Fanny.

"Well, then, Fanny, have me," he urged; "once for all, say yes. Madame approves our marriage, your god-mother Charlotte agrees to it; I am well off."

"Yes, yes, I know," said Fanny, looking amiable; "you have two hundred francs a year, a shop, a back

parlour, a bed, a table, and two chairs: I know it all by heart."

"Baptiste gave her so moody a look, that Marie audibly uttered the word 'wretch!' and that even Madame la Roche observed:

"Well, but you must have patience, you know."
"Monsieur does not condescend to have patience," said Charlotte; "a girl must throw herself into his arms. I never heard anything like it—it is abominable."

"I do not see why Fanny should marry just yet," said Madame la Roche, with a touch of querulousness; "she is very young."

"I am not against marriage," observed Charlotte with irritating mildness, "no, certainly not; but yet I know that if I had waited, say five years, to marry, I might have chosen and fared differently. My husband was a good sort of man, but he was a working-man, and five years later I might have had a captain; over and over he told me so."

"I thought he had a wife," said Marie.
"Madame!" ejaculated Charlotte with wrathful majesty.

"Hush!" said Madame la Roche, without heeding them. Baptiste still looked at Fanny with steady gloom. She smiled at the fire, apparently unconscious of his look.

"Fanny," he said, "a plain yes or no." Fanny bit her lip, coloured to her very hair, and looking at him steadily, she said:

"No."
"Baptiste turned extremely pale; his eye grew dull and lustreless, his lip quivered, his voice was scarcely audible as he said: 'Thank you, Fanny,' and, without remembering the presence of Madame la Roche, he walked out of the room."

And yet this little heartless coquette learns how to love really and in good earnest; this wilful, spoiled, and selfish child learns how to be a patient nurse and dutiful and forbearing even to what would have sorely tried the good and brave; this inconstant butterfly becomes fixed and firm, and all this metamorphosis is brought about by love, by faith, and by truth. Honour to Miss Kavanagh's morality; we would that it were more commonly believed in.

Perhaps the best tale of all, the most artistic, and in most harmonious proportions, is "Adrien." The two portraits are capital:

"Near that window now sat, in a rickety armchair, Adrien's grandmother, attired in her peasant's dress of short and striped woollen petticoat, blue jacket, and headgear consisting of a printed calico kerchief. Without expressing either ill health or physical infirmity, the old woman's sun-burnt features betrayed a mental helplessness, painful to behold, as she sat there with her hands folded on her knees, watching listlessly every motion of her active grandson. With his shrewd, intelligent countenance, dark, curly hair, and well-knit, though diminutive frame,—he was only fifteen,—Adrien offered a very favourable specimen of the Parisian *gamin*. The confident bearing, decisive attitudes, and frank, good-humoured accent, revealed at once a true son of Paris. The lad was now in a state of great bustle and preparation—lighting a charcoal fire, heating a pan over it, melting dripping, peeling onions, singing snatches of songs in spite of his smarting eyes, throwing the onions into the pan when the dripping had reached frying heat, and, in short, preparing that favourite French dish—onion soup, which ere long was smoking on the table in an old earthenware tureen."

How poor grandmother went to the Barrières with wicked old Madame Moreau, got unseemly over her cups, was lost, taken up by the police, found by Adrien and by "Grand Jean," the Auvergnat; how the seedy old portress turns out a Christian-hearted woman in disguise, and Grand Jean is always of first-rate excellence; how Adrien's earnings increase, and his stature with them; and how the simple old woman learns sobriety and avoids Madame Moreau, remain hidden in the tale itself. Let those who will find out. They might employ their time worse, and give a lower exercise to their minds. In conclusion, we beg to thank Miss Kavanagh very heartily for the pleasure she has afforded us, and to congratulate her on her undeniable success and the happy use she makes of her powers.

Home and the Priest. By Girolamo Volpé. (Newby.)

A lighthouse at the bottom of a deep mine is useless, and it is none the more valuable if carefully built and superintended by a great man. So with "Home and the Priest." It may be perfectly well-intentioned, but it is needless, and the name usually applied to men and things of this kind is—"bore." We English people don't want to be warned continually against the Roman priesthood—books to prevent our plunging into Mahomedanism, or applauding Bhuddah, are equally required. The genius of a nation is a

stubborn thing, and very decidedly the people who are the greatest rovers on the globe, and possess the freest constitution in the civilised world, will never fear any danger of feeble popish or priestly domination while they retain their present national attributes. "Home and the Priest" was wanted in no form, but to be presented to us in the shape of a novel is really objectionable—it is attacking us off our guard, and then appealing to our candour. The poor novel, intended to offer a combination of good plot and wholesome character, of all kinds whatever, is gradually being dragged down to expediency literature, and is only saved by such works appearing at intervals as "Adam Bede," "Jane Eyre," "Vanity Fair," and "David Copperfield." Signor Volpé has committed a double offence. He has first thrust upon us a something we did not want, and secondly he has achieved his task in such a form as to preclude any approbation. It is said a great man, but recently dead, actually translated the first volume of this work—but even the understandings of great men fail in age.

The tale of this novel is told in three lines: Amalia, a devotee and a young woman, is in love with Francesco, who is in love with Amalia, and who despises mass. Don Giuseppe, the confessor, extorts her secret, and forces her to marry a male devotee, one Alfredini. The priest then falls in love with Amalia, goes to extreme lengths—for an English novel, or rather a novel published in English—is foiled, and dies of cholera. By this time Alfredini has also made his exit, and Amalia and Francesco are happy—unless the confessor haunts them. During his life—*il est toujours là*. The grand fault of the book is this, that Giuseppe is exhibited as the usual priest—the writer forgetting that he thereby casts a slur upon many millions, who consent to live in communion with these ecclesiastics. The work is ably written, but this admission does not prove it should have been printed. Who could applaud the following?

"With delight Francesco thought he should soon be a corpse, celebrating his nuptial banquet among bones and skulls, with spectres and shades for his guests amid the tombs of those who had lived."

Francesco, as we know, did not assist at this lively entertainment; he lived to be married and happy ever after. The priest Giuseppe has also a taste for unusual *plats*:

"The heart of his rival, shall we venture to say it, would at that moment have been a most acceptable morsel to his burning throat, could he have pressed it quivering, warm, and bleeding, between his teeth."

With this pretty excerpt we have done, if we except the information that Signor Girolamo Volpé is so very bitter against the Roman priests, that he has a mean opinion of all Romanists, and draws such a cruelly exceptional picture of the interior of a Roman church, that its parallel is to be found only in some ranting "Little Salem."

Harry Evelyn; or, Romance of the Atlantic. A Naval Tale founded on Facts. By Vice-Admiral Hercules Robinson, Author of "Sea Drift." One Vol. (James Blackwood.)

We confess to a strong partiality for nautical novels; they are as a class racy, hearty, and essentially English; and we consequently throw aside the other books upon our table to delectate ourselves over the adventures of "Harry Evelyn." We are, however, compelled to confess that the result of our selection was unmitigated disappointment. What means such language as that made use of by the hero to his foreign wife, which, we suppose, was simply intended to inform her that his friend Charles Heber had lost his estate by the disposal of the paternal castle and acres in the Encumbered Estates Court, but which was sufficiently involved, according to our matter-of-fact notions, to bewilder a fifth-form boy:

"The government under which he lived had contrived a system of political symmetricalisation, worthy of the philosophers of which Gulliver tells us, and, in order to carry it out, placed Irish landlords on a Procrustean bed, which curtailed and dislocated poor Charley, with thousands of others, into ruin."

And, finally, what on earth had pp. 250 to 270, and from p. 307 to the end, to do with the story at all? Altogether the book is, as we have already said, a disappointment. The jokes have, in more than one instance, run the gauntlet of the penny papers; the principal characters can scarcely open their lips without pouring forth long, and occasionally somewhat inapplicable, poetical quotations, just as rational individuals do not do in common life; and the fiction itself, such as it is, might have been told in ten pages. We do not remember to have met with "Sea Drift," but, as Vice-Admiral Hercules Robinson informs us in his preface that it was favourably received by the public, we can only regret that it was succeeded by "Harry Evelyn."

Narragansett; or, the Plantations. (Chapman & Hall.)

Our police laws are imperfect. Magistrates have circumscribed jurisdiction over offenders; and the public suffers. Some future Draco of Saint Stephen's must see to this, and set it to rights, and give the bench and the "force" powers of summary conviction, say for literary offences. For certain books are intellectual misdemeanours; quite as bad in their place as petty larceny in social manners, or slanders or libel in private morals. "Narragansett" is one of this class. Confused, stupid, without intelligible plot, likelihood, portraiture, or interest, it will prove a weary waste of time to those benighted beings whose ill-luck may bring them into contact with its pages. It is a marvel how such books find publishers, how any market can be expected for them, and how the first reader is not infallibly the last, leaving his protest against his example being taken as a precedent. It is impossible to speak too harshly of such dreary rubbish. Weeds must be rooted up, cancers cauterised, and foolish authors who write stupid books must be held up as warnings—scarecrows, we would say—to those aspiring young who seek to take to book-writing as a profession without one qualification of education or intellect to fit them for their calling. "Narragansett" has one point, and only one; a certain smartness of diction, which however never rises beyond smartness, and which when most quaint is most inappropriate. For instance, the hero thinks of his dog which had been gored to death by a stag, and says that its image rose up before him—"like a dead general with all his honours." Let him who will find out the likeness between a dead dog and a dead general "with all his honours." This is only one of the inapplicable similes with which the work abounds, and which, though clever in themselves, lose their value because they are inappropriate, and without that connection of ideas which is the very soul of wit and humour.

SHORT NOTICES.

Revue Germanique. Tome septième, 3re livraison; tome huitième, 1re et 2e livraison. 8vo. (Paris: A. Franck.) This review, although of a comparatively recent date, has risen at once to very great and deserved celebrity. Conducted by two eminent *littérateurs*, Messrs. Dollfus and Neffzer, its position in the wide arena of periodical publications is one which hitherto was perfectly unoccupied. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* and other such journals devoted, it is true, and still devote, some space to the critical survey of German thought; but a few occasional *comptes-rendus* are scarcely sufficient to furnish a correct estimate of the intellectual progress of such a country as Germany, and whilst English literature supplied materials enough for a long established and now flourishing *recueil*, the *Revue Britannique*, it was to us a subject of astonishment that a similar undertaking had not been started with special reference to our trans-Rheinian friends. The three numbers now before us give a very good idea of the manner in which the *Revue Germanique* is written. Germany, of course, supplies all the materials, but these are worked out in a variety of shapes. Here, we have condensed translations from the papers of Teutonic savants;

there, articles on German science and literature by French writers; thus, the number for October last begins with a very interesting paper, entitled "*Les études Celtiques en Allemagne*," by M. Alfred Maury; whilst a little further on we find an analysis of Professor Schleiden's work on the Isthmus of Suez, novels, poetry, divinity, biography, science:

Quidquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli.

A short but complete *résumé* brings together the chief items of literary gossip; letters from correspondents at Berlin, Heidelberg, and other large towns add to the interest of the review by embodying information collected on the spot; finally, a *chronique Parisienne* reminds the reader that the publication which discourses to him about Germany is got up within a quarter of an hour's walk from the Boulevard des Italiens.

Church of England Monthly Review. (Bell & Daldy.) The articles are pleasantly written in a liberal spirit; that on Science and Scripture is a useful protest against blind faith and efforts to avoid the duty of employing reason for the sake of obtaining an ignorant and self-satisfied sense of security, instead of manfully grappling with doubts, fears, and difficulties. The article on Household Relations deserves to be extensively read, as it contains much noticeable truth. The following is excellent, and might be studied with advantage by a well-known Recorder and Q.C.:

"The abolition of caste is always most distasteful to the higher classes, and we often see lurking pride is solely the motive of the disparaging remarks made on servants of the present day. The complaint is that they are quite like ladies! yet these very mistresses are scrupulously particular about having refined-looking servants, and cannot endure anything vulgar or coarse about them. The truth is, they wish for a class or caste of persons who may be known as their servants, not mistaken for themselves. But the constitution of Britain recognises no castes; the lowest born child may rise to the highest offices, and the servant to-day may be mistress to-morrow. Such being the case, is it not better for all parties that there should be no badge of servitude?"

Wood's Natural History. (Routledge.) Part 9 contains some admirable writing on the mole and bear. We extract from Mr. Wood's chapter on the otter a beautiful passage, premising that we do not offer an objection to the news propounded in our excerpt. We print it as well worth remembering:

"A shoal of fish is swimming quietly through the clear stream, thinking of nothing but themselves, their food, and their physical enjoyment of existence. Suddenly, from some unknown sphere, of which they can form no true conception, comes flashing among them a strange and wondrous being, from whose presence they flee in instinctive terror. Flight is in vain from the dread pursuer, which seizes one of their companions in its deadly grasp, and in spite of the resistance of the struggling prey, bears it away into an unknown realm, whose wonders their dim sight cannot penetrate, and whose atmosphere is too ethereal for their imperfect frames to breathe and live. Ever and anon the terrible pursuer is mysteriously among them, like the destroying angel among the Egyptians, and as often as it is seen, snatches away one of their number in its fatal grasp, and vanishes together with its victim into the unseen realms above.

"To the fish, the Otter must appear as a supernatural being, for it comes from a world which is above their comprehension, and returns thereto at will, a visible and incarnate Death. All animals, creations, and existences, have some idea of a being that is superior to themselves and that being, which to their minds conveys the highest idea, is to them the Divinity. So that to the fish, the Otter may stand in the light of Deity—a remarkable type of the heathen ideas of the Divine nature.

"At the present day, and even in this country, the same contracted ideas are too evident, for there are many narrow-minded persons who are incapable of receiving a deity that is more loving than themselves, and can only appreciate one that is more powerful. The form of praise is expressed by fear and trembling, and the amount of their reverence is measured by the amount of punishment which they think he can inflict upon them. So with the savage natives of the Southern seas, who consistently honour the representations of their deity by piteous deprecations of his anger, and lie trembling before him in slavish fear. Servile terror is the form of respect which they pay towards those whom they honour, and which they unscrupulously exact from those by whom they desire to be honoured."

Manual for Rifle Volunteers. (Stanford.) Here is another voluntary on the rifle and its practice. If in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, surely in the crowd of these printed preceptors there must be much information of a most invaluable character.

Idols in the Heart; The Christian's Mirror, or

Words in Season. By A. L. O. E. (Nelson & Sons.) The author of these books is always successful in obtaining a given end. They are class literature, and cannot expect long notices, but doubtless their influence is greater than that exerted by many a more extensively reviewed book.

A Christmas, The Next Christmas, and the Christmas after that. By Theophilus Oper. (James Blackwood.) Second Edition. This is a pleasant little work enough. The author is determined to look on the bright side of things, and resolutely turns his back upon the dark. The pathos is certainly superior to the fun, for while the latter is sometimes unrestrained, the former is always natural and cheerful—for pathos may be very cheerful. The tale itself is as old as ships. A lad leaves England as a midship, is supposed to be lost, and turns up at the right moment. The mother's grief when hoping against hope—when the son is actually in the home once more, is very fairly done:

"She went out wandering again, searching and searching for what she feared she could not find.

"So down into the room again where the portrait hung, and standing before it—how she prayed!

"Who's there—whose's there?" she suddenly screamed. It was Uncle John who entered.

"You have something to tell me?" she asked. His lips formed "Yes."

"Wait, I am straining; I will go and sit by myself for a moment or two. Don't leave the room."

"She seated herself at that front window, where she had so often looked out searching for a youthful passer-by as handsome as he was, and she asked herself whether she should hear what Uncle John had to say. She determined she should, and went back to the room she had just before left, and she went to her chair and sat down calmly, looking straight before her, the lips paler than ever, and the hand yet laid upon the breast!

"Annie—close the door. Kneel down by my side. Uncle John—brother, go on. I will hear you without uttering a word."

"Behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. And when he saw her, he had compassion on her, and said, 'Weep not.' And he came and touched the bier, and they that bare him stood still. And he said, 'Arise.' And he that was dead sat up and began to speak. And he delivered him—over to his—mother."

"My Son. BE HERE."

"In a moment he was at her feet. In a moment he was there, lying on her breast."

"Oh, my son! Oh, my son!"

"Uncle John! Uncle John!—how could you keep me in suspense so long?"

"We were afraid to tell you, sister."

"Nay, you should have been sure that the Will that let a lost son be once again encircled by a mother's arms, would give that mother strength to meet the coming home."

"True, true," said Uncle John. "True, true; but you women, you know, are so weak; with us men who are strong—who are strong, it's otherwise."

Hulloa, bring forward the green morocco chair, Mrs. Mac, strong Uncle John has need of it.

Travellers' Tales. By Theta. (Thomson.) This book consists of a number of very even sketches. There is nothing in the pages to which objection can be taken, but at the same time we find nothing to which a higher term than "moderate talent" can be applied. The best paper is the "History of an Arm-chair,"—the worst, "the Narrative of Mr. Steelquill." Theta must learn that to ridicule, most unjustifiably, literary men, on his entrance into literature, will not soften the thorns he will inevitably find on the road.

The *Corahill Magazine*, a measure of good grain, is before us. Want of space alone prevents a full and cordial notice of this periodical, which is, as very safely expected, a great success.

The Human Face Divine. By Mrs. A. Gatty. (Bell & Daldy.) This is an odd little book, written by a lady who has more desire than power to write. Nevertheless, she is always readable, and may be fearlessly placed in the hands of the best little girls in the land.

We have received several little almanacs, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, also *Monthly Gleanings from the Field and Garden*, very chastely illustrated.

NEW EDITION.—We have received a copy of the second edition of *Seven Tales by Seven Authors*, edited by Mr. F. E. Smalley. Knowing the charitable aim of the publication, we are glad to record this evidence of its success. One of the seven tales is by Miss Pardoe, and bears the evidence of her usual good construction.

MONTHLY CAUSERIES ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. COUSIN is as ardent as ever for Madame de Longueville, and if the Duke de la Rochefoucauld were to walk suddenly into the philosopher's little study at the Sorbonne, we think he would most probably get a good horsewhipping on account of his behaviour towards the fair lady. However, the Latin proverb is still true: *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, and not even Madame de Longueville's character is blameless. Whilst relating the early part of the life of his heroine, M. Cousin could indulge in brilliant fancies, panegyric to his heart's content, and imagine that he was descanting on all the graces and virtues embodied in one single person; but what would he say about the Fronde period? To leave it unmentioned, to slur it over, was quite impossible, to plead on behalf of the Condé family extenuating circumstances appeared almost as bad; the biographer rushed boldly *in medias res*, and instead of hopelessly putting off the evil day, he determined upon dealing at once with the unpleasant part of his task, the better to enjoy afterwards its genial and sunshiny aspects. The volume we are now considering is accordingly a sombre record of errors, weaknesses, nay, even crimes; it is the narrative of the three dismal years 1651, 1652, 1653, "*pendant lesquelles*," as M. Cousin says, "*la sœur de Condé, plus coupable encore que son frère, comme aussi plus conséquente, plus politique, et plus hardie, entraînant bien plus qu'elle n'est entraînée par lui, se précipite, et précipite avec elle sa maison, la monarchie, et la France dans les aventures les plus périlleuses.*"

A few years ago M. Cousin's reputation was chiefly that of a philosopher; he had, with M. Royer-Collard, hoisted in the French university the banner of spiritualism, and by his eloquent lectures on the history of metaphysics, powerfully contributed to the reaction which was then taking place against the doctrines of Condillac. But since the publication of his famous volume on Pascal, he has deserted philosophy for history; he has identified himself with the society of the time of Mazarin, and the *habitués* of Madame de Rambouillet's drawing-room, or Mademoiselle de Scudéry's literary coterie, are the only beings whose company he seeks. Some people, M. Taine, for instance, may call this a deplorable mania; we cannot share their prejudice, and we would not value too lightly a taste to which we owe so many interesting life-like sketches. M. Cousin's disciples will find much to arrest their attention in this new contribution to the biography of Madame de Longueville; the history of the Fronde itself, the portraits of Mazarin, Anne of Austria, Mole, and the other *dramatis personæ*, are strikingly characteristic, and although the author is evidently too much predisposed in favour of what he calls the unity of France, that is to say, absolutism, we cannot help admiring that glowing enthusiasm which makes M. Cousin's works read like the productions of a young man of one-and-twenty.

Good or bad, M. Cousin's influence over his contemporaries has been very great, and monographs are quite the fashion. M. Amadée Renée's "*Nièces de Mazarin*" was an excellent book of the same description, and now we have to announce in M. Francis Monnier a third portrait-painter who has selected the *bon vieux temps* for the subject of his studies. Like Madame de Longueville, Chancellor d'Aguesseau has played a conspicuous part in the political history of his own times; with the Jansenist squabbles, the bull *Unigenitus*, and the parliamentary opposition to Louis XV. he was closely connected, and he had to suffer exile on account of his manly resistance to a corrupt government which had not even the merit of decency to make despotism tolerable. M. Francis Monnier's memoir of D'Aguesseau is not only accurate, complete, and erudite; it is

* "Madame de Longueville pendant la Fronde," par M. Victor Cousin, 1651-53. 8vo. (Paris: Didier.)

† "Le Chancelier d'Aguesseau: sa conduite et ses idées politiques, et son influence sur le mouvement des esprits pendant la première moitié du XVIII^e siècle, avec des documents nouveaux et plusieurs ouvrages inédits du Chancelier," par M. Francis Monnier. 8vo. (Paris: Didier.)

also written in a most interesting manner, and the author, who has evidently taken up his task *con amore*, often rises to true poetry whilst describing, for instance, the chancellor's occupations at Fresnes, the circumstances of his disgrace and the various members of that truly noble family. D'Aguesseau and Mathieu Molé are two names which naturally suggest themselves together in our historical reminiscences; as the grave, imposing figure of the latter seems to tower above the unprincipled and intriguing characters of the Fronde, so, amidst wretches such as Dubois, Bissy, Law, and the Regent himself, D'Aguesseau's high moral bearing shines forth with extraordinary lustre. The contrast between the repulsive death of Dubois and the dignified retreat of the chancellor has been very forcibly pointed out by M. Francis Monnier. The introduction contains all the bibliographical details necessary towards a full understanding of D'Aguesseau's life, and in the appendix will be found collected several letters and memoirs hitherto unpublished, by Fouquet, Donat, and other public characters of the same period.

We hear on all sides loud complaints about the scepticism which prevails in France, the general immorality, and the systematic neglect of the things which do not refer immediately to money or pleasure. This, no doubt, is a just reproach, and perhaps it is on this very account that we notice on the other hand an undoubted reaction in favour of works bearing in not a decidedly religious, yet, certainly a serious stamp. The *Correspondant*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Journal des Débats* talk of God and of eternity in a manner which thirty years ago would not have been deemed possible by the fellow countrymen of Béranger and Paul-Louis Courier; *feuilletonistes* discuss the separating of Church and State with all the eruditions of doctors in canon law, and books like Madame de Gasparin's "*Horizons*," and Samuel Vincent's "*Protestantisme en France*" appear on the list of circulating library publications. Of course, we must not allow ourselves to be too much elated by this phenomenon; the present popular literature, such as we find it exemplified, for instance, in the books of M. Feydeau, is so thoroughly disgusting that a rush to the opposite extreme was almost unavoidable; but still the symptoms are cheering, and prove that we must not yet despair of seeing amongst our neighbours a healthier tone of morality widely diffused. The book entitled "*Du Protestantisme en France*" was published exactly thirty years ago, yet as the questions treated of in it do not derive their interest from transitory topics, or the trifling events of the day, it still preserves its entire force and the arguments it contains are in all respects the very points which are universally brought forward by those who prefer to frivolous gossip an appreciation of the topics connected with the existence of modern society. "*Sur la plupart des points d'histoire ou de doctrine que Samuel Vincent a touchés dans son intéressant travail, il a devancé de beaucoup les idées de son temps et se trouve d'accord avec les meilleurs esprits du nôtre.*" This last quotation is from the introduction written for the present edition by M. Prevost Paradol, who is certainly one of the thinkers of our own time the best qualified to examine and judge any volume or fact relating to that *vetusta questio*, liberty of conscience. Taking the word *Protestantism* in its widest signification, M. Prevost Paradol compares the situation of the religious communities which claim that title with the circumstances in which the Romish faith is placed, and pointing to the inevitable separation of the temporal from the spiritual, he proves satisfactorily that the future belongs to the churches of the Reformation, because the structure of Roman Catholicism, if deprived of the assistance bestowed upon it by the secular power, must necessarily fall to the ground. Reprinted with so remarkable an introduction, the volume of the Nîmes pastor appears at the very moment when public attention is, so to say, com-

pelled to watch the transformation of all ecclesiastical institutions; and it is destined to a greater amount of popularity even than the one it obtained during the reign of Charles X. The little book called "*Les Horizons Célestes*,"† issued anonymously, but known to be the production of Madame de Gasparin, is another contribution of French Protestantism to the literature of the nineteenth century. Whilst perusing this delightful volume, we feel carried away far from the toils and sorrows of this world, we are brought almost within reach of eternity, and the prospects opened to our view are well calculated to fill us with peace and true happiness. Some persons will perhaps regret that, departing from the plan followed in the "*Horizons Prochains*," Madame de Gasparin has not employed fiction in the service of truth; this, however, is mere matter of taste. About the beauty of the style, the freshness and brilliancy of the description, there can be but one opinion.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Alkman (J.), *Cyclopedia of Christian Missions*, post 8vo. 5s.
Bantam Family, by Author of "Stories on Proverbs," 18mo. 1s.
Baptist Youth's Magazine, 1889, 12mo. 2s.
Baptist Reporter, 1889, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Baynet (C.), *Pronouncing French Reader*, 12mo. 2s.
Beecher (H. W.), *Life Thoughts*, complete edition, 4to. 7s. 6d.
Book and its Mission, 1889-90, 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Book for all Ages, or, Stories of the Green Pastures where all may Feed, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Boucher (B.), *Country Pastor and his Flock*, 2 vols. 12mo. 3s. 6d. each.
Brithwaite's *Retrospect of Medicine*, Vol. 40, 12mo. 6s.
Brookes (J.), *Manners and Customs of English nation*, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 5s.
Burke's *Peacage and Baronetage of British Empire*, 22nd ed. royal 8vo. 38s.
Buxton (C.), *Slavery and Freedom in British West Indies*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Casell's *Illustrated History of England*, Vol. 4, 4to. 6s.
Chambers's *Journal*, Vol. 12, New Series, royal 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Children's (The) Magazine, 1889, 16mo. 2s.
Christian Pioneer, Vol. 33, 12mo. 1s.
Church of England Magazine, Vol. 47, royal 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Cobbold (R. W.), *Pictures of the Chinese*, drawn by themselves, post 8vo. 3s.
Coidwell (W. E.), *Twenty Sermons preached at Stafford and Sandon*, 8vo. 8s.
Dagobert (C.), *Practical French Course*, Parts I and 2, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. each.
Dagobert (C.), *Practical French Grammar*, post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Day (T.), *Sandford and Merton*, 32mo. 1s. 6d.
Deumas (H.), *Prose and Poetical Verses from Chaucer to Ruskin*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Dickens (C.), *Christmas Stories from the Household Words*, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Don Quixote for the Young, 4to. 3s. 6d.
Dove on the Cross, and other Thoughts in Verse, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
East India Register, 1890, 12mo. 10s.
Fairholt (F. W.), *Gog and Magog, the Giants in Guildhall*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Finden's *Gallery of Modern Art*, 4to. 21s.
Friswood Post-Office, by Author of "Heir of Redclyffe," 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Fyfe (W.), *Christmas: its Customs and Carols*, 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Gatty (Mrs.), *Fairy Godmother and other Tales*, 2nd edition, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Gresley (W.), *Bernard Leslie*, 2nd Part, 12mo. 4s.
Griffith and Henfrey's *Myographic Dictionary*, 8vo. 45s.
Hall (J. F.), *Guide to Three Services*, Civil, Military, and Naval, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Hall (W.), *Way of Salvation*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
How (W. W.), *Plain Words: Sixty short Sermons*, large type, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Indoor and Outdoor Games for Boys and Girls, 18mo. 5s.
Lefroy (F.), "Straight Forward," and *Patience Hart*; or, the Dissembler, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
London at a Glance: an Illustrated Atlas of London, post 8vo. 5s.
Lost Jewel: a Tale, by A. L. O. E. 3s. 6d.
Luther's *Commentary on the Galatians*, by Middleton, new ed. 8vo. 7s.
Lytton's *My Novel*, Vol. 2, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
May (E. J.), *The Old Conspire*; or, the Adventures of Richard Boothby, 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Men who have Made Themselves, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Milner (T.), *Gallery of Nature*, new ed. royal 8vo. 18s.
Moore (T.), *Poetical Works*, People's ed. 4to. 12s. 6d.
Morley (H.), *Fables and Fairy Tales*, illustrated by C. H. Bennett, post 8vo. 5s.
Osborn (H. S.), *Pilgrim in the Holy Land*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Ouis (W.), *Sabbath Holdings in Life's Wilderness*, 12mo. 5s.
Paget (F. E.), *Sursum Corda*; Private Devotion, 2nd ed. 32mo. 3s. 6d.
Parkinson (J. C.), *Government Examination; a Companion to "Under Government"*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Pictorial Magazine, 1889, 18mo. 1s.
Flura (J.), *Church at Home; a Ritual of Household and Divine Worship*, 12mo. 1s.
Post and Paddock, by the "Druid," new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Ray of Light to Brighton Cottage Homes, 2nd ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Redgrave (E.), *Word and the Work; Harmony of Scripture with Geology*.
Robinson Crusoe, 22mo. 1s. 6d.
Rose (E.), *Analysis of the Stuart Period of English History*, 18mo. 6s.
Scott (W.), *Tales of a Grandfather*, Scotland, 1 vol. 12mo. 10s. 6d.
Sermons for Sundays and Holidays, Vol. 2, 12mo. 8s.
Sherman (J. A.), *Memorial of the Revival at Plymouth*, 18mo. 1s.
Spencer (W. G.), *Inventive Geometry*, post 8vo. 1s.
Stowe (Mrs.), *Golden Fruit in Silver Rackets*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Strange Guests, where they met, &c., 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Tales for Leisure Hours, from the German, by Rev. W. B. Flower, 18mo. 2s.
Ten Thousand Wonderful Things, 1 vol. post 8vo. 7s.
Thackeray (W. M.), *The Newcomes*, cheap ed. post 8vo. 7s.
Travelers' Tales Retold, by Thetia, post 8vo. 3s. and 7s. 6d.
Wagner (G.), *Sermons on the Book of Job*, post 8vo. 5s.
Watson's *Rhetorical Reader and Speaker*, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Watson's *Third Book of Reading*, 12mo. 1s.
Weir (J.), *Irish Revival and the Sister Awakening*.
Wellington (Duke of), *Life of*, by Brindley, Vols. 3 & 4, 8vo. 24s.
What Not; or, Ladies' Handy Book, 8vo. 4s.
White (J.), *Eighteen Christian Centuries*, 3rd ed. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Yarrell (W.), *History of British Birds*, 3rd ed. 2 Vols., 8vo. 63s.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The great holiday of Monday next is likely to be one of the large attendance days at the Crystal Palace. Besides the attractions announced by advertisement, it is understood that peculiar interest attaches to the occasion from its being the intention of several of the leading Rifle Brigades to proceed to the Palace on that day. The London Rifle Brigade, now nearly 1000 strong, have issued an order for a parade to be formed at Guildhall at 10 o'clock A.M., for the purpose of proceeding to the Palace, accompanied by the regimental band. The First Surrey Rifle Corps, with their band, will also attend. Many other corps, in town and country, will likewise be represented, and as no place affords such peculiar facilities for great public recognitions, there is no doubt but that this, the first great assemblage of the members of the various rifle brigades, will be welcomed by the most enthusiastic reception.

On the 7th of next month, the first number of a new weekly paper will appear, entitled *The Army and Navy Gazette*. The editor is Mr. W. H. Russell. This journal is to be devoted to the discussion of questions relating to the naval and military services and national defences, and the diffusion of authentic information upon these subjects.

M. Girardin's Congress pamphlet, which some people have declared to be actually less brilliant than its predecessors, has, however, reached its tenth edition.

Mr. Shirley Brooks's serial, *The Gordian Knot*, is now completed by the simultaneous publication of the three concluding parts.

The best news which has come from France during the week is to the effect that efforts are being made (a rather vague assertion) to give liberal opinions some chance of a hearing. A new daily paper, entitled *Le Progrès*, has appeared at Lyons. It has a most efficient staff of editors and contributors, and promises well in every respect. The only fear is, that should it fulfil the promise of its programme in the first three or four numbers, it will be too good to live long. Another noticeable fact is the purchase of the *Courrier de Paris*—not by M. de Girardin, as has been stated, but by the Comte d'Haussonville.

The Great Globe in Leicester Square is daily attracting many visitors by the delivery of a lecture on the all-absorbing topic of the Arctic regions. The lecturer explains the route taken by Sir John Franklin; that of his successor, Captain McClintock; the spot on which the long-lost ships were embedded in the ice; and the course of the Great Fish River, which is now so painfully associated with the history of Arctic discovery. Many hours may be spent just now in the Great Globe, Leicester Square, in a manner as pleasant as it is profitable.

A grand tea meeting was held at Manchester, on Thursday, in honour of phonetic science, when its promoter, Mr. Isaac Pitman, received an elegant address under the superintendence of the Mayor.

The annual meeting of the Crystal Palace Company was held on Thursday. It was stated that the gross income of the year amounted to 134,068*l.*, and the expenditure to 88,753*l.*, whilst the net earnings last year were 35,074*l.*; those of the present year are 45,315*l.* The sum now available for division amounts, with the reserve brought over, to 57,940*l.* The Chairman took a very hopeful view of the future prospects of the shareholders.

The subscribers to the Field Lane Night Refuge Charity have held a meeting during the week. The report read was most satisfactory. "Since the opening of the first small refuge in 1849, 27,846 persons had obtained shelter. They had received 215,922 lodgings and 589,523 loaves of bread; while 304 youths had been restored to their friends, and situations obtained for 2422 men and youths. Beneficial as such refuges were to males, they were infinitely more so to homeless and defenceless young females. The female refuge had been open two years and a-half, during which period it had received 1952 homeless girls, sup-

* "*Du Protestantisme en France*," par Samuel Vincent. Nouvelle édition, avec une introduction par M. Prevost Paradol. 12mo. (Paris: Michel Levy.)

† "*Les Horizons Célestes*," par l'auteur des "*Horizons Prochains*." 12mo. (Paris: Michel Levy.)

plied 24,328 lodgings, and given away 44,755 loaves of bread. Of the number thus taken from the streets 156 had been clothed and placed out as domestic servants, 112 had been admitted into refuges and reformatories; 55 had been received into houses of business as workers, 96 had obtained constant employment, 10 widows had slept in the refuge till they had earned enough to furnish their rooms, and 16 girls had been restored to their friends. Altogether 498 persons had been provided for."

THE MANCHESTER ART UNION.—More than 27,000 tickets are distributed. The list for the Liverpool Art Union is just closed, and 32,000 shares have been disposed of, enabling the committee to distribute 100 prizes, amounting in the aggregate to 1,300*l*.

REPEAL OF THE PAPER DUTY.—A meeting of the Committee of "The Newspaper and Periodical Press Association" was held at Peele's Coffee House some days since, when it was determined that a large and influential deputation should wait upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, prior to the meeting of Parliament, to press the consideration of this tax upon his attention.

INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS.—The learned and religious world of St. Petersburg has lately had a wonderful and an enviable treat afforded it, nothing less than a sight of the most interesting and, if the calculations made upon the subject be correct, by very far the oldest manuscripts in existence. Some time back the well-known Professor Tischendorf, surmising, and, as the issue shows, not without sufficient reason, that the monasteries of the East contained in them stores of learning, the recovery of which would be a matter not only of interest, but of great importance to the world, proposed to the Russian government that, if the necessary assistance should be granted to him, he would himself undertake to explore those countries in which he deemed it most probable that the coveted treasures lay concealed. His proposal was accepted; and, after about a year's travel, and diligent search in Greek, Assyrian, Persian, Abyssinian and other religious establishments, the Professor has returned to Europe laden with results of his investigations, far surpassing the expectations of the most sanguine, and of the highest possible importance to the Christian Church. The reader will see that we are not overstating the value of the discoveries made, when we mention that there are among them Syriac, Coptic, Greek, and other manuscript versions of Holy Scripture, more than a thousand years old, Samaritan versions of the Pentateuch, written in the original Hebrew character, the same as that in which Moses wrote; no less than twelve palimpsests; portions of the Gospels, and of the Epistles of St. Paul, in Greek, dating back to the sixth century; a curious fragment of the life of St. Victor, in Coptic, found in a tomb of the fifth century; and last, but not least, an offering from the monks of Mount Sinai to the imperial head of the Church in St. Petersburg, in the shape of the very oldest Greek manuscript of the Bible extant in the world. The date of this treasure Professor Tischendorf assigns to the commencement of the fourth century; and when we recollect that of the three oldest MSS. of the New Testament, the *Codex Alexandrinus*, in the British Museum, and the *Codex Vaticanus*, in the Vatican library, are, in all probability, no older than the fifth century, while the *Codex Ephræmi* or *Codex Regius Parisiensis* is referred to the seventh century, we may form some conception of the very great importance of the successful results of Dr. Tischendorf's enterprise. Moreover, as is well known, there is no manuscript with which we have up to this time been acquainted, containing the whole of the Bible complete, that is supposed to possess a higher antiquity than the tenth century. The MS. *Alexandrinus* is deficient in several parts of the New Testament; the MS. *Vaticanus* in many parts both of the Old and New Testaments; and the *Codex Ephræmi* is a *Codex Rescriptus*, and derives its name from certain ascetic treatises of Ephræm, the Syrian, being written over

a faded MS. of the Old and New Testament, only fragments of which are now legible. But the manuscript in question not only contains the whole of the Old and New Testaments without any deficiency, but the entire epistle of St. Barnabas in addition; which, as our readers are aware, was in many places received as canonical in early times, but a considerable portion of the first part of which we have hitherto possessed only in the form of a Latin translation. We trust that the advantages to be derived from these great acquisitions to Biblical lore will ere long be made universal; and whenever that shall be, we shall be very glad to hear Dr. Tischendorf's opinion not only as to the precise time when, but as to the place where, this last manuscript in particular was written: though with regard to the first point, the fact of Eusebius in his "Ecclesiastical History" (iii. 25) placing the Epistle of Barnabas among the spurious writings (*τὰ ψευδῆ*), seems to lead to the supposition that the manuscript must have been written before his time, or at least before the time at which he wrote his history, and to bear out the learned Professor in fixing the date at a period not long after A.D. 300. We shall look with no little impatience for a more detailed account than we have as yet received of the valuable fruits of Dr. Tischendorf's labours.

WILHELM GRIMM.—Death has been busy of late among the celebrities of the world. Wilhelm Grimm breathed his last at Berlin, on the 17th inst., in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Though little known in England, yet were Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, with the sole exception of Alexander von Humboldt, long the stars of modern Germany; nor in fact has any one done nearly so much as they for the language and literature of their native land. The elder brother, Jacob, now in his sixty-seventh year, is, perhaps, the better known of the two in England; but he himself tells us how very much he has been indebted in all his gigantic literary labours to the assistance of Wilhelm. The two brothers were through life as united in tastes as they were by blood; for nearly half a century they worked together, and the result of this system of co-operation has been the wonder and admiration of all students of German philology. In their scientific treatment of language they have never been surpassed; and the whole progress made of late by philologists in their investigations into the different members of the Teutonic family of languages, may be said to have owed its origin to the untiring labours of these two celebrated brothers.

Washington Irving, the most polished of American writers, is no more. Washington Irving, the ardent follower of the English humourists of the last century, has at last gone to his rest, dying full of years, for he was more than seventy-six. Of all American writers he is most read in England; indeed, his books are household, and will be in English hands as long as the works of those writers whom he so humbly and reverentially followed. Early misfortunes certainly gave that gentle tone to his writings which is found so attractive—in his case a loss of fortune was not succeeded by the destruction of all philanthropy, nor did the loss of the intended partner of his life result in hatred to his kind. In the earlier portion of his literary career he almost naturalised himself to this country. Washington Irving obtained 1500 guineas for his "Tales of a Traveller," 3000 guineas for the "Life of Columbus;" but it is not from these works that his name is so well known in England as by the "Salmigundi," "Bracebridge Hall," and the "Sketch-book." These works are a sweet and faithful echo of the noble voices of Addison, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Fielding. Who, knowing rooks, does not remember the aptness of the reference to their night cawings by Washington Irving's supposition that "they were quarrelling for a little more blanket?" The whole of "Bracebridge Hall" is full of such quaint ideas as this just quoted. Ever gentle, philosophical, and pure, Washington Irving was a very model of literary character, conferring dignity on his profession, and protesting by his daily life, against

the shocks which literature frequently receives by the stupidities and false steps of some of her followers.

We have to record the death of Lord Holland, fourth baron. Lord Holland was born at Holland House in 1802, and succeeded to the title in 1840. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and was for some time *attaché* at St. Petersburg, and afterwards minister-plenipotentiary at Florence.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, December 21st.

THERE really is one point in French morality that would require volumes written, fitly to castigate it. I mean the insane, boundless love of notoriety. This is, it may be said, a fault of all modern nations, more or less; but it has certain limits with most communities—with the French only it has none. The worse the crime, the more admired the criminal, especially if that criminal be a woman. When M^{me}. Lafarge was tried, it is related that the number of heads turned by her was fabulous; and while there remained any chance of her acquittal, the number of those who meant to ask for her hand were beyond counting, and in this number were grave and elderly men,—men, even, belonging to the French magistracy. Here, again, it may be said that a difference of opinion might exist as to the guilt, that pity increased any other feeling, and that the lovers of M^{me}. Lafarge might be the adorers of injured innocence, the suitors of a woman whose *famously* (this was the word used by M. Paillet, her defender) rested upon little short of martyrdom. But what is to be said in the case of Angelina Lemoine? Here there is no doubt, no excuse, no possible hope—but only the proof and the avowal of the most horrible corruption it is possible to conceive. I am setting aside the crime, even the guilt, consequent upon the corruption; I am looking only to what, perhaps, may be called the lesser sin—the base, infamous amour of M^{lle}. Lemoine with her mother's coachman! For having been accused of this, for having been forced to acknowledge this as true, for having been exposed to utter with her own lips the confession of a fault so monstrous, so revolting—for this, Angelina Lemoine has become a heroine, and sees herself the object of the legitimate attentions of persons actually respectable, by name, birth, and position. Angelina Lemoine is sought for in marriage by a considerable number of Frenchmen. This, I think, speaks more for the absolute immorality of this country than any fact that has hitherto come under my notice; because, in this case, there is but only one reason for the effect, and that is the mere notoriety, the sacrifice of everything to the notion of noise and exterior show, even of an infamous kind. Angelina Lemoine has been "talked of"—talked of, it is true, in a court of criminal justice, held up to shame before a bench of judges, a jury, and the population of a province—but "talked of!" The noise, the notoriety, I again say, is the desideratum. The girl does not deny her guilt, and every word she utters only proves more and more the fearful state of moral debasement into which the unfortunate creature is plunged. And yet, as I have said, there are men of fair respectability who would associate their destinies with that of this girl, give her their name, and conduct her into public places upon their arm.

It strikes me that this serves to explain many a circumstance of the present time in France, and gives the key to many a compromise between the respect for domestic honour and the respect for mere outward show. Balzac once said (and the speech has become unluckily a proverb), "that no woman worthy of the name could live higher up than a first floor," and Eugène Sue was for ever, in his too-greedily read novels, repeating that "no woman was worthy of the name who was not surrounded by all the accessories of luxury."

This brought about, of course, the preference awarded to the pedestal over the statue mounted upon it—the preference given to those signs of wealth by which a woman was encompassed round, over any merit she might herself intrin-

sically possess. Thus far, it may be said that the luxury-worship was harmless—but that it can never altogether be. First, notoriety applied to mere riches; next, it became utterly regardless of the means by which wealth was acquired, and women whose luxury was the avowed gift of others than their husbands, became (so long as they had money to spend) the equals in position of those whose conduct was irreproachable; little by little, money ceased to be the only medium for securing notoriety, and ANY means came to be accepted that could command it. To be "talked of" upon any account—that was soon the one thing needful in order to fix the admiration of Paris—and, indeed, I may say of all France, for the purity or *naïveté* of the provinces was rapidly transformed into a myth. When this deplorable condition of things was once brought about, actual crime had as fair a chance as anything else for producing celebrity, and making this or that individual an object of universal and rapturous interest; just as there is no consideration for the superiority of personal worth over the fact of mere external show, so there is no difference made between a greater or less degree of guilt—all guilt being looked upon as the medium through which notoriety is procured. I say, once more, this is a state of things which should make people seriously reflect, and if there are still among us in England persons (such as we may all of us have had occasion to note too many); persons who rave about the "pleasantness and ease" of French manners, and the agreeability of French society, and the "charming gaiety" of French vaudeville, and the "*entrain*" of French novels; if these still exist, let them think well over the social condition to which all these several "charming," and "pleasant," and "agreeable" things have brought French men and women, and let them see if they would like sentiments such as are every day showing themselves here, to become those of the sons and brothers of English women, and whether, if an Angelina Lemoine were possible in our own country, they would like half-a-hundred "proper" families to be exposed to the chance of counting Lemoine one fine day among their members, and bearing their name? I must, on this point, add a few words! I do not attempt to consider ourselves in England as more immaculate than our fellow-nations. Unfortunately, our morality is, at this present moment, giving but too many examples of its weakness; but I maintain that our occasional backslidings have other characteristics. I will not blink the question of Madeline Smith; but here again there was room for that self-willfulness, of which we are so largely accused by our Continental neighbours—we might choose to think Madeline Smith innocent. We may be wrong-headed about this or that crime, and take an adoration, if we are so minded, for the very worst of their species—but it is not the fact of the crime that attracts us; it is not, first and foremost, the sheer notoriety achieved at all and any cost; this is what it is here. The principle is a totally different one; and English people scarcely know towards what "*facilis descensus*" they are allowing themselves to be decoyed when they so over liberally pay the tribute of their admiration to the "pleasant" and "charming" literature of this day in France, with all its "*Dames aux Camélias*" and "*Pannys*." That it is which they should be warned against.

There is no small amusement produced here just now, among the circles familiar with the Court, by the subject on which turned the farewell audience of General Cousin de Montauban. On preparing to leave for China—where he commands the forthcoming expedition—General de Montauban, after his audience *de congé* of the Emperor, proceeded to a similar audience of the Empress. Her Majesty talked for about twenty minutes to the general, but, according to his own account of the interview, she above all spoke to him of "flannel jackets"! All her recommendations would seem to have been medical, and turned upon "what to eat, drink, and avoid," and, above all, on account of the climate, the fair Empress over and over insisted on the flannel! "*Envelopper les de flanelle!*" she repeated several times, and seems

to have done so, so frequently, that the general was far from pleased; and has ever since gone about among his friends, saying that, after all, he presumed his men would have something else to do than to be for ever being "wrapped up in flannel like rheumatic old women!" However, just at this moment "*gilets de flanelle*" are the story of the moment, and everybody laughs over the idea of the "enswathed" soldiers, though I am bound to say the laugh is not a loud one.

Le Père Prodiges goes on with its furious success. I can find no other word, for it is quite a formidable movement, and, instead of diminishing, increases. Some people, however, pretend they remark a tendency in the troupe of the Gymnase to diminish crinoline. I confess I have not been struck by this myself, and Madame Rose Chéri's balloon-petticoats in her rôle of *Albertine* appear to me quite as posterosus as ever; but I am assured on high feminine authority, that the difference is an evident and undeniable one, and that *Albertine's* crinolines would not have seemed sufficient two years ago. So be it! say I; and the more so, that I am persuaded tight "frocks" and short waists are in the "destinies" of the empire, like many other more important but certainly not uglier things.

SCIENTIFIC.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Dec. 2, Octavius Morgan, Esq., M.P., Vice-President, in the chair. At the commencement of another session of the monthly assemblies of the Society in London, Mr. Morgan observed that he could not refrain from a passing remark on the satisfaction with which the proceedings at the Annual Meeting in Carlisle had been carried out. Cumberland, replete with objects of interest to the archæologist and the historian, had hitherto been too much neglected, and the hope might now be confidently entertained that the stimulus produced by the visit of the Institute would lead to the formation of some local institution to investigate and preserve the antiquities of that locality. The catalogue of the temporary museum of the Institute, which had lately been published, proved how valuable a collection of local antiquities might readily be formed; and arrangements for some permanent establishment of that nature at Carlisle were reported to be in contemplation. The Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Lonsdale, had shown, in a remarkable degree, since the visit of the Institute, a cordial disposition and interest in the inquiries which that visit was intended to promote; he had forthwith directed extensive excavations to be made on the site of Shap Abbey, and placed in the most competent hands the preservation of the picturesque remains of that fabric; the noble earl had, moreover, commenced the exploration of the Roman sites upon his estates in Cumberland, and had already enriched his antiquarian collection at Lowther Castle. In looking forward to a future year, Mr. Morgan remarked, that he would only invite attention to the gratifying communication from the corporation of Gloucester, received on the present occasion, and the cheering promise which was thus held out of welcome and co-operation in that ancient city, in which the next annual meeting would take place. Mr. Crosby, of Kirkby Thore, Westmoreland, sent an account of discoveries of Roman sculptures and inscriptions at that place during the previous month. Some excellent photographs of these relics, by Mr. Pettitt, of Grassmere, were exhibited; numerous antiquities of minor importance, coins, &c., have been found at Kirkby Thore, the supposed site of the Roman Brovonce. A considerable collection of these remains, found in 1838, has been presented to the British Museum by Sir G. Musgrave, Bart. A notice of a tumulus near Thorp Arch, Yorkshire, examined by Mr. Emmet, was read; it is in a district where few vestiges of the earlier periods had been examined, and certain facts observed by Mr. Emmet in the exploration had been considered by Lord Lonsborough well deserving of the consideration of antiquaries. Some curious details regarding

another primitive mode of interment, occasionally found in the North of England, were communicated by Mr. John Clark, steward of the Fetherstone Castle estates, Northumberland; in this instance the trunk of a tree had been rudely hollowed out as a receptacle, and a moiety of the sturdy oak, split by wedges, formed the covering. A considerable number of these oaken tombs have been found at the spot, which is not far distant from the Maiden Way, anciently an important line of communication through the mining district of Durham and Northumberland. Mr. James Yates offered some remarks on a stone axe-head, of remarkably perfect manufacture, found in Norfolk, at a considerable depth in brick earth. It resembles in form those found in Scandinavia; but it may be regarded as chiefly interesting from the position in which it occurred; and Mr. Yates considered the discovery deserving of notice as compared with the recent observations on relics of this nature found in undisturbed beds of a late geological period, in company with remains of extinct animals. Mr. Wardell, town-clerk of Leeds, sent a short account and photographs of several ancient sculptured panels of oak in his possession, obtained at Meanwood, near Leeds, and probably to be referred to one of the old families of Yorkshire. A recent survey of the Roman remains brought to light at Wroxeter, lately taken by Mr. Hillary Davies, of Shrewsbury, was examined with much interest, and some recent discoveries were described. The Duke of Cleveland has liberally permitted increased facilities in encouragement of the excavations, which have been ably carried forward by Mr. Knight and Dr. Kenny Johnson. Dr. Keller, President of the Antiquaries' Society at Zurich, sent some drawings and details relating to antiquities in Switzerland. Mr. Bernhard Smith gave a notice of a seal attributed to Mary, Queen of Scots, formed of hone stone or lithographic stone, a specimen of a class of fictitious seals, of which other instances were cited, and the collector must, henceforth be on his guard against such pretended rarities, as well as against seals of jet and shale, flint arrows, and various other antiquarian forgeries. Mr. Brackstone exhibited a collection of Roman pottery and relics from Exeter. Mr. Edmund Waterton produced three fine enamelled basins with heraldry and subjects of romance, in the style of the 12th century, from the museum in the Collegio Romano. The Duke of Northumberland sent a collection of beautiful rings of various periods, chiefly discovered in Northumberland, at Alnwick, Warkworth, &c. The Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle contributed several remarkable antiquities found in the counties of Durham and Northumberland; weapons of flint and bronze, including some specimens of uncommon fashion. A fine vase of Chinese enamel was exhibited by Mr. Boore, also a superb Oriental sabre, originally belonging to Tipu Sahib, inlaid with rubies and other gems, the blade inscribed in characters of gold on steel of the highest temper. Mr. Phillips sent several beautiful specimens of jewellery, the matrix of a seal of James II., probably for the County Palatine of Chester. Drawings of an ancient head-piece of the 15th century, found during recent repairs in Hexham church, were sent by Mr. Fairless; several fine corporation and baronial seals, recently obtained in Wales, by Mr. Ready, of Lowestoft, especially one in most perfect condition, displaying the equestrian figure of Aymer de Valence.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—December 1st., Professor Brodie, President, in the chair. W. Smith, Esq. was elected a Fellow. Messrs. Perkin and Duppa read a paper, "On the action of penta-chloride of phosphorus upon tartaric acid." They succeeded in obtaining a new bibasic acid, having the formula $C_2H_2AO_6$, probably a chloro-derivative of maleic acid. Dr. Hofmann read a paper, "On the vapour-density of ethylenamine." He showed that the vapour-density of this compound corresponded to four volumes of vapour. It was the first instance in which the vapour-density of a diamine had been established in a satisfactory

manner. The vapour density of the hydrate of ethylenamine corresponded to eight volumes of vapour, probably because it became decomposed into two distinct molecules, one of water and one of ethylenamine. Dr. Hofmann also described some experiments on the decomposition of different gases by the electric discharge from a Ruhmkorff's coil. In the course of a few minutes two volumes of ammonia were decomposed into three volumes of hydrogen and one of nitrogen. Carbonic acid was decomposed into carbonic oxide and oxygen, which, after they had reached a certain quantity, were re-composed into carbonic acid.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday evening, John Dillon, Esq., Vice-President of the Society, in the chair. Messrs. William Bertram, G. Blackie, F. Braby, N. Grew, T. Hutton, J. McCurdy, and H. Matthews, were duly elected members. The paper read was "On Starches; the purposes to which they are applied, and improvements in their manufacture," by Mr. F. Crace Calvert. The author said his object was to give an outline of our present knowledge of starches, and their commercial applicability, without entering into the details of their manufacture or their application. The principal starches known to commerce were sago, tapioca, inuline (obtained from the dahlia root), millet starch, rice starch, wheat starch, and potato starch. The two first were well known, but the third had hardly yet been employed in arts and manufactures, though he thought it deserved attention. The author described the process usually employed for obtaining starch from wheat flour, which was not only used for domestic purposes, but by calico printers, especially for thickening colours into the composition of which free acids entered. A similar class of starch could be obtained from rye, barley, oats, buck wheat, millet, and maize. The different qualities of starch yielded from the various kinds of potatoes were shown in a tabular form, and the best methods of obtaining them were described. A discussion ensued, in which Mr. J. J. Colman, Wm. Evill, P. L. Simmonds, and the Chairman took part.

FUSION OF PLATINA.—Messrs. Deville and Debray fuse platina in a small reverberatory furnace constructed of lime, into which they introduce the flame of oxy-hydrogen with a blowpipe. By this means it is also purified, the metals and other substances usually present and reducing its value being either absorbed or dissipated. Thirteen gallons of oxygen were found enough to fuse one kilogramme (nearly two-and-a-quarter pounds). The *Chemical News* (Dec. 10) gives a diagram of the apparatus.

PRESERVATION OF MILK.—Monsieur l'Abbé Moigno called the attention of the *Cercle* in Paris to the method of preserving milk adopted by M. Despierres, and which he represented as superior to any hitherto employed. He said it was discovered by a simple shepherd of the Alps, and required no other apparatus than a couple of ordinary white glass bottles. The Abbé did not describe the process, except by characterising it as *tour de main*. He said it was not adapted for a patent, but he thought it deserved some reward before it was made public. He considered that the process deprived the air of its oxygen, and spoke of it as one which could be learnt and practised by anybody.

INSTANTANEOUS STEAM GENERATORS.—M. Isoard proposes to generate steam in strong spiral tubes, placed immediately above the fire of a furnace. When the tubes are heated, he pumps in water, which is immediately vapourised, and further heated by traversing the apparatus. He states that his apparatus can be got ready in from twelve to fifteen minutes, and is completely under control.

GLYCERINE IN SURGERY.—M. Demarquay employs glycerine as an application to ulcers and fistulous sores. It is also recommended for broken chilblains, but it is necessary in all these cases that it should be perfectly pure.

FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THREE additional portraits have just been placed in the rooms at Great George Street. The first, taking them in chronological order, is of Erasmus Darwin, the author of the "Botanic Garden," painted by Wright of Derby. Whilst Dr. Darwin has been steadily sinking as a poet, he has somewhat risen in estimation as a man of science—not so much, however, for any discoveries he made, or on account of his scientific acquirements, as for the far-seeing semi-poetical ideas and analogies he enunciated in both the animal and vegetable world, and of which not a few have been since verified by more accurate investigators. These are found chiefly in his "Zoonomia," and "Phytologia"; but even his "Botanic Garden," with all its extravagances of thought and style, has a basis of solid matter, and contains many fine passages. On the whole, though not one of our first, scarcely of our second-rate men, there can be no doubt that Darwin is fully entitled to a place in our National Portrait Gallery. The portrait itself is very fairly painted. The doctor is leaning on a mahogany table, the polished surface of which reflects his hands and ruffles like a mirror. The large athletic form and somewhat coarse face are honestly rendered. Although, if Miss Seward is to be believed—she she is not too famous for accuracy—Darwin and Johnson had a good deal of hearty hatred for each other, Darwin in his burly face and form, his big wig, and general make-up, shows something of the Johnson style and aspect: you could not doubt his being a contemporary of the Great Cham of literature, and might suspect him to be an imitator.

The portrait of Darwin is hung in the principal room, between the windows, and opposite to it is hung the other new painting, 'Sir Francis Chantrey,' by Thomas Phillips, R.A. As a picture this is far superior to that of Darwin. It is one of Phillips's very best works, and it is a capital (though perhaps rather favourable) likeness of our great sculptor. The picture is a half-length. Chantrey is represented in his studio, leaning on an unfinished bust, with a reduced model of his favourite statue of Lady Louisa Russell in the back ground. The picture is kept low in tone throughout, except in the head, which consequently comes out with great force. The countenance is handsome, manly, open, with more of the look of genius than many of those by which it is surrounded. The picture is the gift of Lady Chantrey, who regards it as the best likeness extant of her late husband.

The last of the new additions is a small oval miniature of James Gillray, the celebrated caricaturist, painted by himself, and presented to the gallery by the Hon. Lieut.-Col. Bagot. It is a pale, thin, keen, and rather melancholy face; not what would perhaps be expected as the face of a humourist, but one that will not surprise any who are acquainted with his works and his life. It is very nicely drawn and pencilled, and shows him to have been a more neat-handed workman than would be supposed from his engravings.

On the whole these are satisfactory additions, but they are not great ones; and the gallery can hardly be said to have kept pace this year with the general expectation. There are, however, two more recent purchases ready to be placed—a portrait of James Watt, and one of the elder Brunel, both of large size; and three or four more are waiting the final decision of the trustees; but all these will come into next year's account. The portrait of 'Earl Dorset, with his Secretary,' by Mark Garrard, purchased at the Northwick sale, as was understood, for the National Portrait Gallery, appears for some reason to be withdrawn.

It must be confessed that in the present apartments there is no room to hang any more pictures so that they could be properly seen. Even those we have just noticed, Darwin and Chantrey, are so placed that it is hardly possible to make them out; at least we found it very difficult to do so, though the day on which we visited the gallery

was one of the clearest there has been lately. The time has unquestionably arrived when application should be made for a more spacious and better-lighted gallery. But it will be of little use, as far as the public is concerned, to provide such a gallery, unless the present absurdly inconvenient ticket system is abandoned. So long as they compel persons to provide themselves beforehand with admission tickets, the trustees may rest assured the visitors to such a gallery will be very few; not seldom, we fancy, will the gallery be, even on fine days, as we have seen it twice lately—without a second visitor.

Gazette des Beaux-Arts: Courrier Européen de l'Art et de la Curiosité. Rédacteur en Chef, M. Charles Blanc. Tome III. (Paris: 1859.)

As we said in noticing a previous volume, it is always pleasant to receive a number of the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts," even should it contain nothing very new or very brilliant, since it shows us what our cousins over the water are doing in a field where we can comfortably labour with them, or with equal comfort watch the progress they are making. The volume of course does this still more satisfactorily than the single numbers. This last completed volume is pretty much like its predecessors. It is not, perhaps, equal to the first: it is better than the second—fuller of matter, and showing less signs of hasty composition. On the whole, the subjects would, perhaps, be considered too uniformly grave for the English taste, but Frenchmen have digestions which can assimilate a large amount of tough food.

Among the essays is one worth reading on the Halicarnassian Marbles in the British Museum—or rather outside the Museum, the only place which can be found for them being the shed extemporised under the portico. The paper is from the competent pen of M. Prosper Mérimée, who ungrudgingly recognises the rare worth of these invaluable sculptures: we cannot, however, say as much for the cuts, which are almost libellous. Another article on what may be regarded as an English subject, is one by M. F. A. Gruyer, on Morris Moore's 'Apollo and Marsyas'; but nothing new is said on that threadbare theme, and the large engraving, if reproduced here, would hardly set the British public longing for the possession of the original picture.

Of more national subjects one of the most interesting and most intensely French in style and turn of thought, is a very long one, entitled, "L'Art et les Femmes en France: Madame de Pompadour," in which that celebrated favourite is exhibited in a light which will be new to most Englishmen. The author is M. A. de la Fizelière. M. Vallot-Virville's learned and elaborate essay on the history of early paper-marks in France, which was commenced in the second and is concluded in the fourth volume, we have already spoken of in our review of Mr. Leigh Sotheby's work. Another valuable paper is M. Frédéric Reiset's on "Niccolò dell' Abbate and the Painters of Fontainebleau." "Estampes Satiriques, Bouffonnes ou Singulières, des XVII^e et XVIII^e siècles," by Thomas Arnaudet, is a very curious subject, and one that—as far as the eighteenth century is concerned—might find a parallel in this country: and on the whole we should think our countrymen would come off victorious, as regards humour. Besides such subjects as these, there are some excellent biographies of the less familiar old artists, as the elder Herrera, the Spanish painter, by P. Mantz; and Martin Schöngauer, the German engraver, by Emil Galichon; with engravings from their works. There are also pretty full biographical notices of recently deceased French artists, or persons associated with art, as Achille Collas, the ingenious inventor of the machine for engraving medals and other objects in relief, and of the still more remarkable machine for effecting mathematically correct reproductions and reductions of statues and other objects in the round; and also of the Abbé Texier, the learned mediævalist and archaeologist. An excellent engraving, with a notice of a singularly spirited and poetical posthumous design by Paul Delaroche, 'Le Génie Captif,' will

afford much pleasure to the admirers of that great painter. We might add the titles of other papers on mediæval illuminators and similar subjects, by MM. Darcel, Viollet le Duc, and others, but we have said enough to indicate the character of the work to those who would be likely to take an interest in it, and that is all we proposed to do.

The sale of the late Lord Northwick's collection of Greek coins was concluded on Saturday last. The prices obtained were generally good, in some instances remarkably high. Several of the finer examples were secured for the British Museum. The total amount realised by the twelve days' sale was, 8565*l*. The Roman collection will be sold by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson in the course of next March.

We may remind our artistic friends that the days appointed for receiving pictures for the ensuing Winter Exhibition of the British Institution, are Monday the 9th, and Tuesday the 10th, of January next: sculpture will be received on Wednesday the 11th. Our younger artists would do well to send some of their most carefully executed works here. They have a better chance of finding a good place, of attracting notice, and of meeting with a purchaser at the British Institution than at the Academy, where the known men always send their best works, and mostly secure all the best places.

The Architectural Photographic Association has apparently weathered the storm which threatened its disruption; and the annual exhibition will now in all probability be held as usual. Mr. W. Tite, M.P., replaces Mr. Cockerell as president.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ON Monday, Mr. A. Mellon's opera, *Victorine*, was presented at Covent Garden, under Miss L. Pyne's and Mr. W. Harrison's management. This work had been announced for several previous weeks, and great expectations were formed in musical circles respecting the quality of the music and its adaptation to a plot, which was well known some five-and-twenty years ago, from having had an immense run for several seasons at the Old Adelphi Theatre under Mr. and Mrs. Yates' direction. Mr. A. Mellon is well known also to the profession, not only as a sound musician, but as a clever conductor, since he unquestionably now holds the first position as the English *chef d'orchestre* of the day. The manner, in which he has kept the English Opera orchestra together, and maintained the nicety and closeness of their playing, has also been the theme of general praise; and therefore, not only was a success anticipated from his first attempt at an opera, but the universal wish amongst his friends and those few of the public, who dared to venture to a theatre on such a miserably inclement evening as was last Monday, was unquestionably that *Victorine* might prove a triumph for English art, and an undoubted success for the composer. That the latter of these desires was fulfilled, no one can doubt or question, inasmuch as the reception accorded to the entire work from first to last was warm and hearty; yet that a triumph was won cannot be said. Mr. A. Mellon was, in fact, beaten by one of the dulllest and heaviest of *librettos*, which, whilst it retained all the most wearisome portions of the old melodrama, did not preserve a single one of those salient points which, once upon a time so largely influenced the immense audiences, who nightly flocked to the Adelphi to witness its performance. There is also very little doubt but that the influence of the music-sellers had operated disadvantageously upon the process of composition, for the songs were too many by half, and are, certainly, the weakest parts of the score. In the concerted music Mr. A. Mellon was more completely at home; for here he again and again showed the hand of a proficient, whilst his instrumentation throughout was both judicious and elegant, the various parts being written completely up to the speciality of each performer, without being at all overdone. It is also worthy of remark that Mr.

A. Mellon also most prudently avoided overloading any portion of his accompaniments with brass. The overture is said not to have been written for the opera, but is an orchestral prelude written a year or two ago, and more than once heard at a series of concerts, given under Mr. A. Mellon's direction, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The opening of this specimen of instrumental part-writing, consists of a grave *motivo*, solid in form and pompous in character, reminding the well-trained hearer somewhat of the manner of Mozart's immortal overture to *Don Giovanni*, without, however, being characterised by a single note of positive plagiarism. This leads up to an *Allegretto* movement, which is certainly formed on the Rossini model, and reminded us here and there both of the *Gazza Ladra* and the *Barbiere* overtures as to construction, but not direct imitation. The subjects are cleverly worked up by means of melodious modulations, and towards the close combine much both of the Weber and Rossini methods. The interpretation of this introduction was a perfect specimen of sound orchestral playing, and did infinite credit to all parties concerned in it,—to the stringed and wind instrumentalists, no less than to Mr. A. Mellon himself. On the rising of the curtain the business of the stage commences with a duet for *Victorine* (Mdlle. Parepa) and *Louise* (Miss Thirlwall), "Oh! what delight," which is also Weberish in construction, but shows many points of clever handling, especially for the wind instruments, and the clarionets in particular. The duet concluded, the rhythm flows, naturally and by a simple modulation, into a pleasing air for the soprano—"Of too much pleasure"—which is very similar to the "O, be gay and banish sorrow" of the *Der Freischütz*. The construction, however, is both clever and compact. A tedious dialogue follows, during which *Griffon* (Mr. G. Honey) enters and sings the least remarkable portion of the whole work, "O let us live to-day," which may very advantageously be excised. On the appearance of *Michel* (Mr. H. Haigh), as the lover, a song, very Balfian in manner, but neatly ornamented with characteristic accompaniment, "This flower, dear maid," attracts considerable attention, and, being very neatly executed, elicits considerable approbation. The melody of this song is simple, but is, upon the whole, ear-telling, and will certainly be heard, like "The Power of Love," from Balfe's *Satanella*, on all the barrel-organs of the town. The *finale* to the first act is long, and with the exception of the conclusion, which consists of a *Cavatina* and then of a simple song for *Victorine* as she is retiring to rest, is made up almost wholly of concerted music. The *finale* itself opens with a *Quartette*, "To-day concealing," which is written somewhat after the manner of Spohr, and is elegantly accompanied by the harp. The *Cavatina*, "Few mirrors like mine," belongs to a very florid class, but although well rendered by Mdlle. Parepa, is a little too flashy to deserve much consideration. It took, however, immensely with the audience, and brought the curtain down for the first time with the assurance of success, which was confirmed by an unanimous call for the lady and the composer. The second act throws off with a chorus of servants, which much resembles the first part of the gambling scene in the third act of *La Traviata*, and fell flat, probably on account of the resemblance. On the appearance of the heroine, *Victorine*, Mdlle. Parepa is entrusted with a dashing *Cavatina* of the Verdi school, in which the difficulties for the voice are immense, but which are executed with so much flexibility and precision of intonation, together with delicacy of *figure*, as to command approbation. From this point, however, the second act would drag considerably were it not relieved by a song, "I never can forget," which is most superbly sung by Mr. Santley, who has very little to do even in this part of the work, whilst he is entirely excluded from the first and last acts. The melody of this song is very original, and a clarinet accompaniment, of curious but artistic arrangement, superbly played by Mr. Lazarus, adds materially to its intrinsic beauty. The song for *Louise* which follows, is, however, quite unworthy

of mention in the opera, being commonplace and vapid. There are some good points about the duet, "Good sir, you labour under some mistake;" but the gem of the act—indeed, we may say of the entire opera—is the *finale*, "The tables, dear, are now prepared," into which Mr. A. Mellon has thrown all his energies, exhibiting talent of the very highest order. The construction of this specimen of part writing places him at once at the very summit of his profession. Scenic effects have been carefully studied, so that the music and the *libretto* flow altogether so harmoniously as to make the intended purpose thoroughly apparent. Of the music of the last act it is scarcely necessary to speak. It is clever, in some instances quaint, and always original, but power ceases with the *finale* of which we have spoken, and all interest here terminates, just as it does with the great scene of the *Huguenots*, at the close of the fourth act. It will thus be perceived that Mr. A. Mellon has done more than enough to prove that he is capable of far greater efforts, if he is disposed to turn his attention to composition. For our own part, indeed, we see no reason why he should not become as successful in this department of his profession as in his orchestral duties. With a good *libretto*, and with fair opportunities, we have no doubt that he may easily rival Mr. Balfe in popularity, and take the lead here, as he has already done in the direction of a band. There is also one point about Mr. A. Mellon which is a sure passport to his eventual success—there is no self-sufficiency about him. His manner, indeed, rather indicates that retiring modesty, which always attaches to talent. Thus, we are persuaded that the favourable reception his *Victorine* has deservedly won for him, will rather induce him to try to do better than to rest satisfied with his present laurels, however honestly and worthily they have been won.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The opening of the pantomime at this theatre is from the pen of Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, who has selected for his subject the old nursery legend of *Puss in Boots*, which he has amplified somewhat after the following fashion. The first scene introduces us to the interior of the mill, where *Huon*, the youngest son of the original miller, is discovered, lamenting over the harsh treatment he receives from his eldest brother, *Mealoff*, to whom the old miller, at his death, has bequeathed the mill, leaving *Huon* merely a cat. *Huon* also refers despairingly to a certain *Princess Blanche-fleur*, with whom he is madly in love. His soliloquy is interrupted by *Mealoff*, who orders him to leave the place at once. *Huon* is greatly irritated, and drives his brother out, a circumstance which he, the instant afterwards, deplores, because he sees, as the consequence of his rash act, starvation staring him in the face. His sad forebodings are interrupted by his cat, who has been lying coiled on some sacks in the background. *Pussy* bids him cheer up, and promises that he shall obtain the hand of the *Princess*. *Huon* is incredulous, on which *Puss* informs him that she is a fairy in disguise, and, as a proof of this, conjures up the traditional pair of top-boots and bag, the former of which she puts on. Master and cat then set out upon their adventures. But what need to follow the old tale?—Innocence is temporarily wronged, guilt triumphant for a time; but poetic justice is at last achieved, &c. A cavern changes to a magnificent fairy scene. A fairy advances with more than ordinary fairy splendour, and, after restoring innocence to her lover, brings about the usual changes.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The pantomime at this house is entitled *Valentine's Day; or, Harlequin and the Fairy of the True Lover's Knot*. The story of the pantomime, we are informed, is as follows: Old Bishop Valentine, who lived a long time ago, was a great friend to all true lovers, and it was his custom on the 14th February to call together his proselytes, when each selected a fair maiden, to whom he presented a letter, containing pictures and verses in token of regard, and which was afterwards called a

Valentine. There was in those days one Sylvanus, a young woodman, who tenderly loved Belphebe, which means fair Phoebe, and who was one of the prettiest milkmaids of that fairy and pastoral age. She loved him in return. But they quarrelled—and they made it up. Then Sylvanus and Belphebe became united and lived happily ever after. The magnificent scenery of this story has been painted by Mr. Frederick Fenton, who, in the opening of the Fairy Valentine, has produced effects never before attempted in any theatre. The pantomimists will, as heretofore, consist of the unrivalled Leclercs, while the harlequinade contains every hit at passing events. The concluding scene will be Her Majesty's Channel Fleet in the order of battle during the great storm in November last, painted by Mr. O'Connor. From the high character of the pantomimes of this theatre, the holiday visitors may be certain of an unusual treat.

DRAMA IN PARIS.—M. Scribe, who, not being a successful English dramatic composer, has made a colossal fortune, has produced a piece at the Vaudeville which has failed, if we consider who the author of the work is. This work, entitled *La Fille de Trente Ans*, had been actually refused by the powers at the Français, before it was accepted at the lower house. M. Scribe's reign is over; the energy of such writers as Alexandre Dumas fils has pushed him from his pedestal of popularity.

RICHELIEU, KING CHARLES I. AND HIS QUEEN.

THE indefinite title of "*Lettres diverses touchantes l'Angleterre en 1625 et 1626*," entered in one of the catalogues of the MSS. in the Bibliothèque Impériale, at Paris, represents a volume of letters of which we have lately been furnished with some abstracts; and the exceeding interest of these documents, relating as they do to a most important matter, and to a very touching page of English history, induces us to place them in our columns in their integrity and conciseness; fully satisfied, as we are, that an occasional contribution to our pages of valuable original matter for the use of the student of history cannot but be acceptable to our readers.

Here is the gist of one hundred and thirty letters, written within the short space of half a year, commencing when King Charles I. had been married exactly one month, all relating to him and his wife Henrietta Maria, all the work of a band of zealous associates, the Catholic members of the household of the new Queen of England—they the devoted servants of the King of France, he the tool of his mother, Mary de Medicis, and she the arch plotter with her congenial spirit, Richelieu.

The writers of these letters are King Charles; his Queen; Duplessis, Bishop of Mande, her Majesty's Almoner, cousin to Richelieu; the Count de Tillières, her Chamberlain; Monsieur de Blainville, the French Ambassador in England (the last-named personages elegantly styled "two formal fools," in the "*Life of Henrietta Maria*," by a distinguished Lady-historian); Monsieur de la Ville aux Clères, formerly Ambassador in England; the Duke of Buckingham; the Catholic Soldier-Cardinal, Armand Jean Duplessis, Duke of Richelieu; and various others.

The letters will speak for themselves. It is not difficult to see that the Cardinal was the principal actor in the scene, although not the most often on the stage. It is easy to see the drift of the plot, and it is impossible but that we must sympathise with the youthful heroine, a bride of sixteen, in her daily trials. The insolence evinced towards the King of Great Britain by his young wife's servants is equalled only by their misapprehension of that wife's character, or their shameless misrepresentation of it; and we cannot but admire King Charles's spirited remonstrance at the attempted interference of the King of France in the private matters of a man and his wife, and his energetic determination at last to be the "master of his own house." And, whatever may have been the Martyr King's concessions at this time to the Catholics,

they were consistent with his liberality towards them in the case of his Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Portland, and upon other occasions; and that he could not restrain the popular feeling of his subjects against his Queen in her exercise of the faith of her ancestors, nor protect her friends from insult, was probably neither the first nor the least of his many sorrows.

All the letters are in French, the abstracts represent the chief points of the contents faithfully, and the volume which contains the originals is registered, in the Imperial Library, as "*Missions Étrangères, No. 319*."

Charles I., King of England, to Louis XIII. of France. The Sieur de la Ville aux Clères will convey the assurance of the pleasure I have received in the news of your Majesty's health, of my devotion to your person, and how much I desire some occasion to testify it. 1625, July 3, Ostlands.

Charles I. to Louis XIII. The return of your Majesty's minister, the Duc de Chevreuse, invites a reiteration and continual acknowledgment of the honour done by his mission to England; and it is impossible to express the affection felt for him for his own merits, or sufficiently to appreciate the incomparable pledge he has presented of your Majesty's great affection. 1625, July 13, Ostlands.

Charles I. to Louis XIII. By the arrival of Monsieur de la Fontaine Vernouillet, has been conveyed the assurance of your Majesty's continued affection, and by this bearer you will be assured of corresponding regard in all that concerns our common advantage. 1625, July 30, Ostlands.

Proclamation, by King Charles I., against the Catholics of England. To recall his Majesty's subjects from the seminaries beyond sea, and to put into execution the laws against Jesuits and Papist Priests. 1625, Aug. 4, Woodstock.

The Count de Tillières to Monsieur de la Ville aux Clères. We wait your news with great impatience, as you will easily imagine from the state of affairs when you left. 1625, Aug. 12.

Louis XIII. to Charles I. Letter of credence for the Bishop of Mande and Count de Tillières whom you will please to hear kindly, and to give them entire trust and confidence. 1625, Aug. 12, Fontainebleau.

Louis XIII. to the Count de Tillières. I have just received news, which seems ridiculous, of a resolution which has been taken by the Infanta of Spain and the Marquis of Spinola to attack Calais. I have given orders for placing soldiers there, and for the furnishing of munitions of all kinds to defend it. I wish you to learn what assistance I may promise myself from England, and especially, on account of his power, to address yourself to the Duke of Buckingham; and to request the aid of the English fleet, as well to terrify the Spaniards as to defend the place. 1625, Aug. 12, Fontainebleau.

Louis XIII. to the Bishop of Mande. I send this courier to you and the Count de Tillières in respect of news just received which seems ridiculous, that you may learn nevertheless, in case of the Spaniards daring to attack Calais, what aid I may hope for from England. 1625, August 12, Fontainebleau.

The Count de Tillières to Mons. de la Ville aux Clères. I am sorry to know of the inconveniences which have attended your journey, but glad that you have arrived in good health at Fontainebleau, where I trust neither the beauty of the spot nor the affection which you bear to Englishmen, will cause you to forget a half Englishman, who will ever retain in all parts of the world an ardent desire to do you service. 1625, August 15.

Duplessis, Bishop of Mande, to Mons. de la Ville aux Clères. The matters of religion and of the Queen of England are in the same state as when you left them, nothing having been done which was promised. I request your assistance in case of need, that you will remember the friendship you have promised, which shall be deserved by all possible services. 1625, August 15.

Duplessis, Bishop of Mande and the Count de Tillières to Mons. de la Ville aux Clères. As our letters may be intercepted, we request you to send us a cipher. You will not find it ill that we have already written to Cardinal Richelieu, he having begged a cipher before our departure, and you must wait with the Cardinal the issue of the affair which has been committed to us. 1625, August 16.

Bishop of Mande and Count de Tillières to Louis XIII. According to your Majesty's commands we have informed the Duke of Buckingham of the ill condition to which the army of the Count de Mansfeldt is reduced, and we forgot nothing to let him understand how much advantage it will be to the general state of Christianity to assist the said Count strongly. And to this we find the Duke well disposed, although he will not give us full answer until he sees the proceedings in Parliament; for if the King of England gets the assistance of them, which is asked, it is to be hoped that he will contribute largely to the design. At present, however, the Duke diverts our making application to the King his master, assuring us that his affairs will permit no other answer unless the Parliament favours his intentions, and in this case he will send propositions which will be favourable as regards the Catholics and the household of the Queen of England, your Majesty's sister. 1625, August 15.

Advice, in cipher, sent by the Bishop of Mande [to the King of France]. Having spoken to Buckingham of the state to which Mansfeldt is reduced, and of the particular interest which the King of England has to assist him with fresh forces, we have been able to get no further answer from him, except that the King could not engage in it until he should know the amount of the subsidies which should be granted to him by the Parliament. The difficulty we find in the affair is that we perceive that

the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke, powerful persons in the Parliament, and intelligent, will insist, before they give fresh subsidies, in demanding an account of monies formerly levied; and so, when they find out the bad use of such monies, to ruin Buckingham, which they are resolved to do at any price, if they can. If they persist, one of two things will happen—either the King must give up his demand, or, if he persist in it to the miscontent of the people, he will lose credit in the country and all means of assisting his allies or his neighbours. And this last must happen, for Buckingham has assured me often that the King will always prefer to stick to his point, rather than to care for his own interests. August 15.

Louis XIII. to the Bishop of Mande and the Count de Tillières. As you addressed me conjointly, you will receive answer in like manner. For safety you will each receive a cipher. In that of which your letter makes mention, you will make an offer on my part, and assure the king of my protection and affection. The assurance which I have in my forces and in the weakness of the Spaniards is well founded. 1625, August 23.

Cardinal Richelieu to Mons. de la Ville aux Clères. It will be necessary to be very secret, and to think once about the choice of an Ambassador. Two things are requisite, one, that it will please the King that you should write to Mons. de Mande upon all occurrences in the English Parliament against him, that you may secretly make all sorts of offices to the Duke of Buckingham, as well on the part of the King of France as on the part of the Queen of England, to whom also for this purpose the Queen-Mother shall write. The other matter is, that it will please the Queen-Mother to write to the Queen of England, her daughter, in conformance with the suggestion of Mons. de Mande. 1625, August 21.

Count de Tillières to Louis XIII. Your Majesty's courier found me indisposed, but knowing that the charge which your Majesty had given me to speak to the Duke of Buckingham required diligence, and that the Duke was going to Oxford to-morrow where the Parliament is sitting, I got up and saw the Duke, communicated my information of the intentions of the Spaniards to besiege Calais, and expressed my hope that England would assist France in the matter, by letting their fleet sail at once. The Duke explained that the sailing of the fleet depended on the subsidies granted by the Parliament, but promised the assistance of ships which he boasted should beat all the Spaniards in the Channel, and this promise the King of England has confirmed. The King also assured me that he would give answer about the affairs of Mansfeldt, when he saw what road his Parliament should take, but anyhow he would find the means to join with your Majesty to abase the grandeur of the King of Spain. Then the King mentioned other matters, which I was sorry to hear—first, his dependence on the Parliament; and secondly, the hatred of the Parliament against the Catholics, proved in that they had forced his Majesty to put on execution the ancient laws against them, which nevertheless the king promised to do with moderation. I told his Majesty I was very sorry to see that he had commenced so soon to break the promises and solemn oaths which he made upon his marriage, and that your Majesty would not bear the news very patiently, as it affected your honour, and would give occasion to the Spaniards, the Pope, and other Catholic Princes to discredit you. There were other things also to say, which I could not do more properly in the month of the coming Ambassador, whom your Majesty ought to send immediately. What I thought of the speech of the King of Great Britain, and of the Duke of Buckingham, and of the course of the Parliament, as well as of their great naval armament, I leave to cipher, and to Monsieur de Mande, with whom I have spoken. 1625, August 18.

The Count de Tillières to Monsieur de la Ville aux Clères. I thank you for your good will as much as if the matter had succeeded. I have long been disgusted, and only succeeded to rid myself of my charge and leave the country. An ambassador should be sent promptly. Monsieur de Mande is discharged of his office, for reasons which he will detail himself. 1625, August 18.

Cardinal Richelieu to Monsieur de la Ville aux Clères. I thank you that you have so carefully expressed to their Majesties that which I thought *à propos* for their service. The Ambassador for England shall have the title of Ambassador Extraordinary, for more easy access to the King during the sitting of Parliament, especially as the Houses will not break up without regulating the Queen's household as well as the matters of religion. 1625, August 23.

Bishop of Mande to the King of France. I have received your Majesty's letters, in which your Majesty finds it good to convey my discharge in the conduct of your Majesty's affairs, in order that I may have the means to serve the Queen of England, your Majesty's sister, with more usefulness. Your Majesty's reasons are very just, and it will now suffice me to give my advice to those to whom your Majesty shall have confided your instructions. 1625, August 18.

Bishop of Mande to Monsieur de la Ville aux Clères. You have judged well that our affairs would turn out ill without the presence of an Ambassador here, for to-day the King conceded to the Parliament the execution of the laws against the Catholics. The Count de Tillières spoke, but without success; and I dared not express my sentiments for, as you know, nothing can be done with the English except by energy and determination. If you and the Cardinal Richelieu judge it expedient to make complaint of the rupture of so essential an article, you should lose no time in sending a man here who knows well how to sustain his master's dignity; but all the hopes of the English Catholics and French exiles depend now on you. 1625, August 18.

Cardinal Richelieu to Mons. de la Ville aux Clères. I send a dispatch by which you will see the peril in which affairs are placed by the not sending an Ambassador at once. Mons. de Berulle writes that they are still in

danger, but the King may yet make his advantage if he sends immediately. 1625, August 26.

Letter, in cipher, to the Cardinal Richelieu from the Bishop of Mande. Received 26th August, 1625. Parliament has been sitting six days, and Buckingham has forgotten nothing to endeavour to appease the most malicious, having offered privately to the principal members to let the French, and to revive the persecutions against the Catholics. Some members on Saturday complained that in the marriage contract there were matters too favourable to the Catholics. The King goes to-day to sign the laws against them, especially for the banishment of Jesuits; but although Buckingham has done this to impose on the Parliament, they have resolved to pursue him to ruin. Seymour, a member of the Lower House, said on Friday that it was shameful for a young man of his passions, without experience, to rule the state; and Phillips said on Saturday that before money was granted for purposes of war, Buckingham must give account of what had been previously granted; and Le Clercs, who got up to defend him, was sent to prison. Buckingham pretends that it is all owing to the marriage, but this is untrue. We pretend to believe it, and beg him to defend us, but he is our worst enemy. Parliament wishes to prevent any English Catholics being in the Queen's household, and complains especially of Drummond. The King said yesterday to Tilliers that if Parliament granted him nothing, still he had other resources. Great advantages may still be obtained if things are managed cleverly, for he depends entirely on France, and moderate persons must be put in office. 1625, August 26.

Cardinal Richelieu to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. Monsieur de Blainville not being able to start for five or six days, a messenger should be sent instantly to Mons. de Mande, to tell him to offer every assistance, on the part of the King and Queen, to Buckingham; and the King of France should write a letter to Mons. de Mande, which he should be able to show to the Queen of England, inviting her on her part to do the same offices to Buckingham. The Queen of England not being firm in her opinions, the Queen-Mother ought also to write her letters for her guidance to live there in courtesy with those about her. 1625, August 27.

Cardinal Richelieu to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. Am glad that you have thought about the affairs of England, for they are of importance. The letters which I forwarded were in cipher, and you shall be made participant of their contents to-morrow. 1625, August 25.

Louis XIII. to the Bishop of Mande. I have resolved to send an Ambassador to England, the Sieur de Blainville, with the title of Ambassador Extraordinary, for his greater authority and greater liberty at the court. Meantime this messenger is sent that you may have opportunity to assuage some of the ill wills which have arisen through the little account which the Queen of England, my sister, has made of the Duke of Buckingham and other great personages there. You will invite the Queen to be friendly with the Duke, and to assure him of my own affection also. The Duke's power depends on the authority he has over the mind of his master, and he ought to trust to the protection of the Queen; and when their fleet is at sea ready to aid Mansfeldt, it will be a sign that the Duke has dissipated the clouds which were hanging over him. 1625, August 26, Fontainebleau.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEA.

Mr. H. Braham, Hon. Sec. to the London Orchestral Association, writes to us, saying, "Observing the various reports in the daily papers of the proceedings of the Meeting of this Association, I find that the observations of the Chairman, Dr. James Pech, have been misunderstood; and to prevent anything approaching misapprehension on the part of those Amateurs who have already joined, or of those who are likely to join, I beg to state that the works of the great masters will be rehearsed *every week*, not merely every three months, as has been reported in many instances.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.—The Executive Committee of the Conservative Land Society have directed the offices to be closed on Monday next, the 26th inst.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—This Society, in the extension of business operations, have just purchased a fine property of freehold houses at Camberwell. They are nine in number, well-built semi-detached cottages and houses in a terrace in the Denmark Road. This is a novel feature in the operations of a Land Society, inasmuch as freehold houses, completed and in the occupation of respectable tenants will be offered for allotment to the members of the Society.

MONEY ORDERS.—On the 1st of January next and thenceforward, the following changes in the mode of transacting the Money Order business, which have been effected in England and Wales, will be extended to Scotland and Ireland. The distinction between Minor and Major Money Order Offices will be abolished, and all Money Order

Offices will be placed on the footing of Major Money Order Offices. Applications for alteration of the name of Payee or Remitter of an Order issued in the United Kingdom on any Office in the United Kingdom may be made direct to the issuing Postmaster, if the remitter can make the application in person. The existing charge for additional commission will be maintained. If application cannot be made by the remitter in person, it must be made, as at present, by letter, enclosing the amount of the additional commission in postage stamps, addressed to the Chief Money Order Office of the Kingdom in which the Order is issued.

THE PENNY PRESS.—An instructive example of the success which invariably attends well-directed efforts for the public good is afforded by the rapid attainment of an important and influential position by the *City Press*, the most ably edited of all the local papers. It is now permanently enlarged to eight pages, containing forty-eight columns, and is the largest as well as the most spirited of the class of papers of which it is the head. We heartily wish our respected contemporary a continual increase of its power as a means of doing good.

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This Periodical, established in the year 1816, has become the property of a body of gentlemen who propose devoting a considerable capital to its enlargement and improvement. Arrangements have been made with some of the most eminent writers in the country to secure their services in the Literary, Artistic, Musical, and Scientific Departments.

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New Music, new Dramas, new Scientific Discoveries and Theories, will be treated in review with as little delay as possible; and every effort will be made to render this office of our Literary Periodicals worthy the attention and confidence of the public.

Every week, a portion of the "Gazette" will be devoted to book buyers and book readers, and all the chief literary productions of the week will be so far noticed as to guide those who may be seeking for information of this kind. It is not intended that these slight Notices shall preclude subsequent and longer reviews. All important Ecclesiastical information will be laid from time to time before the reader.

Arrangements have been made with Correspondents in Paris, Madrid, and Vienna; and nothing of interest in the Literary and Artistic circles in those cities will remain without notice.

From the first week in January, 1890, the "LITERARY GAZETTE" will be permanently enlarged; and as the material intended to be bound up will be separately pagged, it is believed that the volumes will not reach an inconvenient bulk.

Subscribers of one pound, paid in advance, will be entitled to receive the "Gazette" post free, from the time of the first issue, for one year from the time of subscription. Offices: 4, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street.

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[ESTABLISHED 1841.]

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The Amount Insured was..... £2,801,925 16s. 4d.

The Annual Income was..... £121,263 7s. 7d.

The new business transacted during the last five years amounts to
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PETER MORRISON, Managing Director.

June 11th, 1859.

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PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

Year	Fire Premiums.	Life Premiums.	Invested Funds.
1848.....	35,472	19,840	388,290
1853.....	113,612	49,128	620,408
1858.....	275,008	12,411	1,156,953

The Annual Income exceeds £150,000.

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the 9th of JANUARY.

SWINTON ROUT, Secretary to the Company.

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(Established A.D. 1834), 39, King Street, Cheapside, E.C., London.

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N.B. All Policies taken out on or before the 31st December, 1859,
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on Wednesdays, 28th Instant) will meet on Saturday, the 31st instant,
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N.B. Every policy effected on or before that day will have the
advantage of one year in every annual bonus.

CHARLES INGLALL, Actuary.

THE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICES,
39, KING STREET, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
24th December, 1859.

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Profit realised since the last septennial investigation 136,629 5 0

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The profits are divided every three years, and wholly belong to the
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at the date of entry to have been 40, these Additions may be sur-
rendered to the Society for a present payment of 368*l.* 17s. 8d., or such
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but also entitle the party to a present payment of 104*l.* 4s. and, in
both cases, the Policy would receive future triennial additions.

THE EXISTING ASSURANCES AMOUNT TO..... £5,272,367

THE ANNUAL REVENUE..... £187,340

THE ACCUMULATED FUND (arising solely from the

Contributions of Members)..... £1,194,657

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JOSEPH GILLOTT begs most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scientific Institutions, and the public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and, in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions, which for excellence of temper, quality of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, he believes will ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

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Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street, 96, New Street, Birmingham; No. 91, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

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BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN PATENT LEVER TRUSS, requiring no steel spring round the body, is recommended for the following peculiarities and advantages:—1st, facility of application; 2nd, perfect freedom from liability to chafe or excoriate; 3rd, it may be worn with equal comfort in any position of the body, by night or day; 4th, it admits of every kind of exercise without the slightest inconvenience to the wearer, and is perfectly concealed from observation.

"We do not hesitate to give to this invention our unqualified approbation, and we strenuously advise the use of it to all those who stand in need of that protection, which they cannot so fully, nor with the same comfort, obtain from any other apparatus or truss as from that which we have the highest satisfaction in thus recommending."—*Church and State Gazette.*

Recommended by the following eminent Surgeons:—William Ferguson, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Surgery in King's College, Surgeon to the King's College Hospital, &c.; C. G. Guthrie, Esq., Surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital; W. Bowman, Esq., F.R.S., Assistant Surgeon to King's College Hospital; T. Callaway, Esq., Senior Assistant Surgeon to Guy's Hospital; W. Coulson, Esq., Surgeon to the Magdalen Hospital; T. Bilzard, Esq., F.R.S., Surgeon to the London Hospital; W. J. Fisher, Esq., Surgeon-in-Chief to the Metropolitan Police Force; Aston Key, Esq., Surgeon to Prince Albert; Robert Liston, Esq., F.R.S., James Lake, Esq., Surgeon to the London Truss Society; Erasmus Wilson, Esq., F.R.S., and many others.

A descriptive circular may be had by Post, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) can be forwarded by Post, on sending the circumference of the body two inches below the hips to the Manufacturer,

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Price of a Single Truss, 16s., 21s., 26s. 6d., and 31s. 6d. Postage, 1s. Price of a Double Truss, 31s. 6d., 42s., and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d. Price of an Unimolled Truss, 42s. and 52s. 6d. Postage, 1s. 6d.

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The material of which these are made is recommended by the Faculty as being peculiarly ELASTIC and COMPRESSIBLE, and the best invention for giving efficient and permanent support in all cases of WEAKNESS, SWELLING of the LEGS, VARICOSE VEINS, SPRAINS, &c. It is porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and is drawn on like an ordinary stocking. Price from 7s. 6d. to 16s. each, postage 6d.

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BARNES & CO.'S WINDOW POLISH FOR

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"By the use of this Paste 75 per cent. of labour, time, and expense, will be saved, and a far clearer appearance produced."

Sold in 3d., 6d., and 1s. Boxes, Everywhere.

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TESTIMONIALS.

61 and 62, St. Paul's Church Yard, and 58 and 59, Paternoster Row, London, March 15th, 1859.

Gentlemen.—Having tried your Patent Window Polish upon our Plate Glass, Chandeliers, and Front, we are happy to state the effect has been beyond our expectations; we beg therefore to request you will forward us, at your earliest convenience, a dozen boxes of the Polish, which we are, Gentlemen, yours very respectfully,

To Messrs. Barnes & Co.,

66, St. Paul's Churchyard, March 23rd, 1859.

Gentlemen.—Having used the box of Window Polish left with us, and finding it answers every purpose it professes to do, request you will forward one dozen of your sixpenny boxes. G. H. SMITH & CO.

Gloucester House, Ludgate Hill, 28th March, 1859.

Gentlemen.—We have tried the sample of Window Polish left with us, and are perfectly satisfied with it, and shall feel obliged by your sending us one dozen of sixpenny boxes. JOHN HARVEY & CO.

Argyll House, 256, 258, 260, and 262, Regent Street, March 21st, 1859.

Gentlemen.—The Window Polish we have had from you appears to be a very effectual article for cleaning Glass, and saving time in the work, we will thank you to send half-a-dozen boxes at your convenience. We are, yours, &c.,

HODGE & ORCUND.

Wholesale Agents, BATTY & CO., Finsbury Pavement.

THE PATENT GLASS MEDICINE MIXER

is superior to Spoons or other articles of Metal for mixing, &c. No Invalid should be without them. Town and country chemists, medicine vendors, and others requiring agencies, may apply to

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PRICES:—

Best Transparent Ivory—

Per doz. s. d. Per doz. s. d. Per pair s. d.

Table knives... 33 0 Dessert do... 28 0 Carvers... 11 0

Best ditto—

Table knives... 29 0 Dessert do... 23 0 Carvers... 9 0

Fine ditto—

Table knives... 23 0 Dessert do... 18 0 Carvers... 7 6

Good ditto—

Table knives... 18 0 Dessert do... 12 0 Carvers... 5 6

Kitchen—

Table knives... 10 0 Dessert do... 8 0 Carvers... 2 6

Ladies' Scissors of the finest steel, the most finished workmanship, and in choice variety. Scissors in handsome cases adapted for presents. Penknives and every description of pocket cutlery.

Deane's Monument Razor has been 150 years before the public, and is a plain, thoroughly good Old English Razor. Price 2s. 6d.

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of SHOWER BATHS of the most improved construction, also, vapour, hip, plunging, sponging, and every description of baths for domestic use. DEANE'S BATHS are distinguished for their superior finish, strength of material, and great durability; while the prices are on that low scale for which their establishment has so long been celebrated.

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handsome collection of BRIGHT STOVES, for the Drawing or Dining-room, embracing all the newest Designs. DEANE & Co. have applied to these and other classes of Register Stoves, Patented Improvements, economising the consumption of Fuel, for which the highest Testimonials have been given.

Hot Air Stoves, in New and Ornamental Patterns, with ascending or descending flues, suitable for Churches, Public Buildings, Halls, Shops, &c.

SPOONS AND FORKS.—Silver Pattern Spoons

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Prices of Electro-plated Spoons and Forks:—

Table Forks... per doz. 38s. 31s.

Table Spoons... " 40s. 33s.

Dessert Forks... " 25s. 23s.

Dessert Spoons... " 24s. 24s.

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Mustard and Salt, per pair, 3s. Sugar Bowls, 3s. 6d.

OPENING TO THE MONUMENT, LONDON BRIDGE.

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THE MOST APPROPRIATE OFFERINGS

are those which tend to the promotion of Personal Beauty in the fair and youthful, who at this festive season are more than usually desirous to shine to advantage under the gaze of their friends: none can be more acceptable than

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the Hair; and as an invigorator and beautifier beyond all precedent.

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Unequalled for its rare and inestimable qualities in imparting a radiant bloom to the Complexion, and a softness and delicacy to the Hands and Arms. And

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE, Which bestows on the Teeth a Pearl-like Whiteness, Strengthens the Gums, and renders the Breath sweet and pure.

The Patrons of Royalty, and Rank and Fashion, throughout Europe, and their universally-known efficacy, give these preparations a celebrity unparalleled, and render them peculiarly

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—

Consumption is almost invariably preceded by great debility, cough, loss of appetite, and flushes. The alternative and tonic influence of Holloway's invaluable remedies operates like a charm in subduing these formidable symptoms. A course of these purifying Pills should, at once, be commenced; and, at the same time, Holloway's Ointment should be briskly rubbed, at least twice a day, over the back and chest. The Ointment is more effective when used after sponging with warm brine and well drying. The conjoint effect of this treatment is marvellous; a change for the better is observed within a week, and the improvement steadily progresses. The appetite returns, the shortness of breath ceases, and the harassing cough soon vanishes altogether.

AN ACT OF CHARITY.—A Gentleman having

been cured of Nervous Debility of long standing, and after much mental and bodily suffering, thinks it but charitable to render such information to others similarly situated as may restore them to health. Full particulars sent to any address, by enclosing two postage stamps to prepay postage. Address, THOMAS HOWARD, Esq., Clive House, near Birmingham.

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SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY... 20s. & 24s. per doz.
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The finest ever introduced into this country.
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A truly excellent and natural wine.
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Equal to that usually charged 60s. per doz.
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GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH is the only Starch used in her Majesty's Laundry, and as some unprincipled parties are now making and offering for sale an imitation of the Glenfield Starch, we hereby caution all our customers to be careful, when purchasing, to see that the word GLENFIELD is on each packet, to copy which is felony.

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